

6.

JUVENILE POEMS,
WITH
REMARKS ON POETRY,
AND A
DISSERTATION
ON THE BEST METHOD OF
PUNISHING AND PREVENTING CRIMES.

BY JOHN ARMSTRONG,
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QUI STUDET OPTATAM CURSU CONTINGERE METAM,
MULTA TULIT FECITQUE PUER. ———
HOR.

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MDCC LXXXIX.



P R E F A C E.

LIKE all other matters of form, a preface is perhaps of little consequence. As it will not add to the fame of a good book, it cannot rescue a bad one from neglect. Such, however is the anxiety of a writer on his first attempt, that he cannot forbear soliciting the favour, which he yet knows the solicitation will be of no advantage to procure.

THE Author of the following pieces, while he gives them to the public, is sensible of their small value. But he wished to raise a monument of the employments which had engaged his earliest years; which, while it was viewed by his friends with partiality, would, he hoped, be regarded by the public with indulgence. It is only by the voice of the public, that he, who has spent time and labour in attempts, can be assured how far he has succeeded. While sensible of the small value of the contents of this little volume, and that their value would even to himself decrease with his years; he trusted, that

the attempts of the youth would be regarded by others with a degree of favour, which would not be shown to the performances of the man.

THE Verses were composed between the thirteenth and eighteenth year of the author's age.— (The last mentioned period he completed only in the month in which he now writes.) They were the offspring of occasional feeling, finished at once, and afterwards neglected, till the idea of publication was suggested. The Author has ever had a taste for poetry; which has, to him, proved a source of gratification highly innocent and pleasing. Induced by youthful ardour to imitate what he admired, he perhaps adds one more to the many instances, that inclination is not always accompanied with genius.

THE few pieces in prose that are added were taken at random from a number of others. In such attempts much of the small part of his life already past has been pleasingly, and he hopes not unprofitably employed; and it is his wish, to be able to afford to others some share of the pleasure which he has himself experienced from the pursuits of literature.

To those, who have honoured his publication with their names, he takes this opportunity to return

P R E F A C E.

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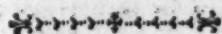
turn his thanks. His work is now in the hands of the public; their sentence he waits with the anxiety occasioned by diffidence of his own abilities; supported, however, by the consciousness of right intentions, and early endeavours worthily employed. How far their judgement may be favourable he knows not; but it shall always find him prepared to acknowledge its justice, and acquiesce in its decision.

22 AU 63

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.



I. ON POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. _____

I.

HAIL Poetry! thy powerful lay
Alike all hear, alike obey;
To thee belong our mirth, our tears,
To raise to rapture, sink with fears.
'Tis thou the rudest canst inspire
With strains that e'en the learn'd admire.
Thy voice is heard, confest thy sway,
Wide as the rise of morn, and setting of the day.

II.

Hail, sent to earth, thou heavenly Maid!
The ills of life to cheer and aid.
From dreary plains, and wintry skies,
To fairer scenes thou turn'st our eyes.
With thee the sky is always clear;
And ever-green thy fields appear:
Forgetful of its cares, the soul
To sweet illusion yields, and owns thy soft controul.

A

III. To

III.

To verdant plains and flow'ry meads
 The gentle Muse of Past'ral leads,
 Where ev'ry breeze with fragrance blows,
 Where ev'ry stream in murmurs flows;
 There singing, as their flocks they keep,
 The swains and virgins tend their sheep;
 There, free from care, content they prove,
 Secure the peaceful bliss of innocence and love.

IV.

Wine, Love's more sprightly joys, inspire
 The Muse who regulates the lyre;
 Or, rising to sublimer lays,
 She celebrates the hero's praise;
 Now gentle, smooth, and sweet she flows,
 Now ardent and impetuous glows;
 Now graceful plays in under-sky,
 Now boldly spurns the ground, and wings her flight
 on high.

V.

Its sadly pleasing themes, the Muse
 Of plaintive elegy pursues:
 The exile weeps his native shore,
 Which he must never visit more;
 Deploring absence, or disdain,
 Unhappy lovers sigh their pain;
 On youth and beauty's early urn,
 'True love, affection warm, and holy friendship mourn.

VI. But

VI.

But to the Epic Muse belong
 The highest honours of the song :
 'Tis hers to sing in lofty strains
 The glorious deeds of martial plains ;
 'Tis hers upon the warrior's tomb
 To bid unfading laurels bloom ;
 'Tis hers to give the gen'rous meed,
 For which the heroes toil, for which the heroes bleed.

VII.

Thine, Greece ! the muse's highest praise,
 Thou parent of immortal lays !
 Thine were the whole Aonian quire,
 Thee all the sacred Nine inspire.
 There boldly Pindar sweeps the strings ;
 Anacreon softly, sweetly, sings ;
 And Homer, in whose ev'ry line
 Breathe more than mortal force, and harmony divine.

VIII.

Long did the Grecian glory last,
 But with the course of empire past.
 Greece, subject to the Roman sway,
 Taught Rome to imitate her lay.
 Subdued by war, by milder arts
 She tam'd the savage victors hearts :
 The Romans, masters of the field,
 To Greece, the nobler palm of genius, learning yield.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

IX.

From Greece to Rome at once the flame
In all its blaze of glory came,
Rome, with the dazzling lustre fir'd,
Contented copied, and admir'd.
Horace imbib'd the sacred fire
And spirit of the Grecian lyre:
The daring track of Homer's muse,
With no unequal pace the Mantuan bard pursues.

X.

But, liberty and virtue lost,
The muse forsook the Latian coast:
To Albion next she bent her way,
And tun'd her voice to freedom's lay.
There Shakespeare copied nature's hue,
And passion's lively colouring drew;
And Milton in an angel's tongue,
In inspiration rapt, themes worthy angels sung.

XI.

From Grecian fountains flow along
The thousand mazy rills of song:
These must each bard approach with awe,
And thence with sacred rapture draw.
Mæonides, by all confess,
Of poets, as the first, the best,
All, who'd excel, must copy still,
Must climb Parnassus' height, and drink Castalia's rill;

XII. To

XII.

To you, my friend ! these lays belong,
The guide and patron of my song :
You first unfolded to my eye
The Grecian stores, and bade me try,
If I desir'd a poet's praise
To imitate their matchless lays.
No rival I ; — enough I claim,
Their beauties to admire, and celebrate their fame.



II. ON SLEEP.

HAIL Gentle Sleep ! refreshing pow'r !
'Tis thine to bless the midnight hour,
To labour give its due relief,
And lull to rest the cares of grief:
Still with repose my pillow crown,
And weigh my wearied senses down.
Oh ! may I never, rack'd with pain,
Implore thy friendly aid in vain,
Long days and nights in trouble spend,
And but from death expect its end.

A 3.

From

From thee, sweet Sleep, what blessings flow
The innocent alone can know;
Their mind no foul remorse annoys,
No guilty fear their peace destroys;
Approving conscience crowns their breast,
Protecting angels guard their rest.
In vain the guilty seek repose,
Their weary eyes no slumbers close,
Remorse and fear their steps pursue,
And vengeance ever haunts their view:
If sleep at last invade their breast,
And nature sink to wish'd-for rest,
They seem to hear terrific screams,
And tortures feel in dismal dreams;
While guilty terror thrills their heart,
Aghast they from their slumbers start,
The scream still murmurs in their ears,
The direful furies still appear:
Afraid to wake, or sleep, they find
Their own tormentors in their mind.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

71



III. ON HEARING A LADY PLAY ON THE SPINNET.

WHAT heav'nly sounds assail my ears?

Is this the music of the spheres?

Oh! could you thus for ever play,
You'd steal my ravish'd sense away.

Now, wrapt in ecstasy profound,

I dwell upon the sacred sound,

And, to each movement of your art,

Responsive beats my raptur'd heart.

Still as you raise the soothing strain,

New pleasure thrills through every vein;

To move, to breathe, we almost fear,

And every sense is lost in ear.

Methinks, while now the pulse beats high,

That thus I'd almost wish to die,

With sweet excess of bliss oppress'd,

And sooth'd by melody to rest.

Music, 'tis thine to charm the soul,

The rage of passion to controul;

And from thy sacred stores impart

Each varied feeling to the heart.

The wretch in deepest sorrow drown'd

Forgets his cares when charm'd by sound.

Music

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Music can teach the breast to glow,
Or bid the tear of pity flow ;
With glory fire the dastard slave,
Or melt to tenderness the brave.
Hard is the heart it cannot charm,
And cold the breast it cannot warm.
While in life's rugged path I stray,
May music's charms beguile the way,
And death convey me to the plains
Where harmony eternal reigns.



IV. HOPE.

HOPE! charmer of the human breast,
 'Tis thine to comfort the distressed,
 To smoothe the wrinkled brow of care,
 And hush the murmurs of despair.
 How small the happiness assign'd
 To glad the lot of human kind:
 And, but for thee, man's little day
 In one dull round would pass away.
 What has the present hour to give?
 It is in hope alone we live.
 From ills we feel Hope turns our eyes,
 And bids delightful prospects rise:

Th'imaginary

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Th' imaginary scenes may ne'er
To our enraptur'd view appear;
But let us own th' illusion's pow'r,
Since it can charm the present hour.



V. VERSES WRITTEN DURING THE SEVERITY OF THE WINTER.

AH, cold and piercing is the air,
The blasts of Winter blow,
The streams are bound with icy chains,
The plains are clad in snow.

The rich and great can view, at ease,
The horrors of the storm;
With them unceasing plenty reigns,
And ev'ry season's warm.

But little know, and little think
Those, in their wealth secure,
The want and hardships, that await
The dwellings of the poor.

Their daily labour now no more
Affords them daily bread,
And ill they're shelter'd from the storm,
Beneath their humble shed.

The

10 MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

The food their little children ask,
The parents can't supply;
The wretch, subdu'd by want and cold,
Now lays him down to die.

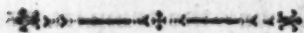
Bless'd be the prince, whose bounty bids
The naked poor be clad,
Those chill'd with piercing cold, be warm'd,
Those faint with hunger fed!

Happy are they, to fortune's gifts
Who add a gen'rous breast,
And, while they pity, can relieve
The wants of the distress.

Want to supply, and pain to ease,
Were pow'r and riches giv'n;
Who uses them for ends like these,
Obeys and copies heav'n.

From blessings, to ourselves confin'd,
We small delight can know;
They best enjoy, with lib'ral mind
On others who bestow.

Nor shall the friends of human woe
Escape our God's regard;
That mercy they to others show,
His mercy will reward.



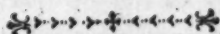
VI. TO DR. _____.

The following Verses are to be considered as a small tribute of justice to merit, of esteem to virtue, and of gratitude for instruction.

SAY, say, My Friend, can any meet
The sense of conscious worth exceed;
'Tis thine the happiness to know,
That virtue's gen'rous toils bestow:
'Tis thine to form ingenuous youth
To ancient discipline and truth;
Thine first to light the sacred fire,
That only shall with life expire,
And train to freedom's glorious cause
The future guardians of the laws.
Not mere to form the sage thy plan,
To form the citizen and man:
In vain in learning we excel,
The highest praise is doing well.
Though small the glory and reward,
Not useful less thy task, nor hard,
With ev'ry youthful fault to strive,
The lazy rouse, th' unwilling drive:

At

At once regard, and fear to draw,
Inspire with love, and strike with awe;
To mark which way the tempers tend,
And to thy purposes to bend;
Instruction so to all to give,
That each may benefit receive;
The latent energy call forth,
And ripen into action worth.
Nor, limited to duty's rule,
Conclude thy labours with the school;
Thy time works more of use than fame,
And difficult, as useful, claim,
The mine of science to explore,
And free the metal from the ore:
Through many a page the search pursue
To bring some useful truth to view,
And in few lines the sense comprise,
That scatter'd o'er a volume lies.
Still on the stretch thy active mind
To one grand object is confin'd,
With skill and care to form a race,
Whose conduct may their country grace.—
If, after all thy toils, a few
Deny thy merits honour due,
Let those, who own'd thy forming hand,
And now in life distinguish'd stand,
The bliss and honour of our land,
Let those, for best they know, declare,
How much is owing to thy care.



VII. THE TIMES.

A FRAGMENT.

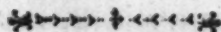
NATURE ! thy laws no longer we obey,
 Extremes we study :—Fashion leads the way :
 We scorn to tread the old and hackney'd road,
 And seek not what is right, but what is odd.

Our ladies now disdain their nat'ral size,
 Lace upon lace, on ribbons ribbons rise ;
 Protuberances stick out before, behind,
 And ev'ry where the marks of art we find.
 Nor fashion's rage to dress confines its pow'r,
 The ball is lengthen'd till the midnight hour :
 To pleasure ladies now devote their cares,
 And leave to hirelings family affairs.
 To manly talks the youth no more applies ;
 Mamma wont have him read, 'twill spoil his eyes.
 If he can prattle French, swear, and look smart,
 What needs he more to gain a lady's heart.
 In ev'ry rank th' infection now takes place,
 The tradesman hastes to imitate his Grace ;
 And down the steep of fate alike all run,
 And press with eagerness to be undone.

B

Alas,

Alas, my country ! dissipation reigns,
 And not one trace of antient faith remains ;
 Religion, honesty, are now no more,
 And liberty forsakes her favour'd shore.
 Heedless of cure, we of the ill complain,
 Laws to reform are made, but made in vain :
 From you, ye great ! must the example rise,
 Recalling virtue, or confirming vice.
 O ! might th' appointed guardians of our laws
 Enforce by conduct, as by voice, their cause !
 The virtues patronized by those, who sway,
 They soon would learn, and practise, who obey :
 Thus only, rising from its native source,
 Can reformation flow with steady course.
 Illustrious Prince, whom Britons anxious view
 Their future hope, be this reserv'd for you,
 Your country's former honours to reclaim,
 And add the patriot to the monarch's name !

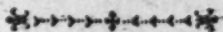


VIII. ON HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS ! thou great and only end,
 To which our wishes and our labours tend,
 Thee still we trace through ev'ry varied maze,
 Thee still we seek by thousand diff'rent ways ;
 Patient for thee an anxious life we spend,
 Or boldly dare for thee to meet our end :

How

How art thou found, or in what distant land?
 Can riches buy thee, or can pow'r command?
 No! Happiness nought outward can bestow,
 Our bliss or mis'ry from ourselves must flow;
 The like events in life occur to all,
 The bad oft flourish, while the virtuous fall;
 Yet vice is wretched, ev'n when it succeeds,
 And virtue still is happy, though it bleeds:
 Approving conscience yields a secret joy,
 Which fortune cannot give, nor yet destroy.
 Dost thou seek happiness? to virtue true,
 Th' undevious path of rectitude pursue;
 Intent alone to do thy duty still,
 Seek not an happy fate, nor shun an ill:
 To act thy part aright to thee is giv'n;
 Be this thy care,—th'event belongs to heav'n.

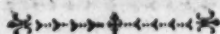


IX. VERSES ON PENNYCUICK:

WHERE THE AUTHOR RESIDED A SMALL PART OF
 THE SUMMER.

YE shades! where, in his native tongue,
 His native strains a Ramsay sung;
 Delightful shades, by nature blest,
 Of all that most can please possess,
 Whose scenes in sweet confusion rise,
 And feed with varied charms the eyes;

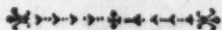
Thy copious waters smoothly flow,
 And scatter plenty, as they go ;
 With trees thy lofty hills are crown'd,
 And blushing fruits o'erspread the ground.
 Both pleasing arts, and useful toil,
 Conspire to crown thy happy soil :
 Each charm of nature is express'd,
 In art's most graceful habit dress'd.
 Be this my wish : — May such a seat
 Afford my age a last retreat ;
 There peaceful may I lay me down,
 And all my cares and labours crown,
 Without regret review the past,
 Without a fear survey my last ;
 In calm repose life's ev'ning spend,
 And unconcern'dly meet my end !



X. A FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

YE beauteous streams, that smoothly flow,
 Ye fragrant gales that gently blow,
 Ye lofty hills that proudly rise,
 Ye verdant plains, and smiling skies,
 Farewell : — To town I now repair,
 To crowded streets, and foggy air.
 No more I climb the mountain's side,
 Or trace the current of the tide :

No more I'm shaded by the trees,
 Or breathe the fragrance of the breeze.
 Me, not allow'd such blifs to share,
 My fortune dooms to toil and care.
 'Tis duty summons me away,
 And duty's call I must obey.
 But, ah, my friends! how shall I go
 From you, to whom so much I owe,
 Who with politeness mingle ease,
 And join the pow'r and will to please:
 'Tis yours the bashful guest to chear,
 His spirits raise, dispel his fear,
 His feelings with indulgence view,
 And pay his merits honour due.
 Though forc'd to go, I leave behind
 A grateful and devoted mind:
 Still may you ev'ry blessing know
 That worth successful can bestow.



XI. VERSES ON A TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

HERE wrapt in smoke and noise I stray;
 Ah! bear me hence, some muse, away,
 To brighter skies and purer air,
 To scenes remote from noise and care.
 Ah, country life! which we in vain
 Oft wish for here, who cannot gain,

B 3

How

Na

How happy they of thee possess,
 Did they but know how they were blest!
 Oh, country life! by poets sung,
 And fav'rite theme of sages tongue,
 By all alike prais'd and approv'd,
 Most by the wise and virtuous lov'd!
 Unhappy man, to town confin'd,
 With all the country in his mind!
 Does he look up? a cloudy sky,
 With gloomy aspect meets his eye;
 Or chance he may look down,—his nose
 Unfav'ry odours discompose.
 His ears a thousand cries molest,
 Disturb his head, and break his rest,
 Nor walks he, without fear, the streets,
 Of danger, from each cart he meets;
 Or, of the danger while afraid,
 Lest thieves his pockets should invade.

How very different 'tis to view
 The rural sky of azure blue,
 And from the gently-blowing gale
 The fragrance of the fields inhale;
 Beneath the shade in slumber drown'd,
 To taste repose secure and sound;
 Without a fear, at ease to roam,
 And every-where to be at home;
 And, while to our own minds we live
 To taste what blessings life can give.

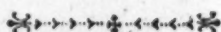


XII. VERSES ON LEITH.

HAIL, LEITH! where my first breath I drew,
Where I was born, and where I grew;
Sweet scene of my infantine days,
My youthful studies, and my plays.
How ev'ry place of thee is dear,
That brings my days of childhood near!
Thy walks, the sands, the links, the shore,
How often have I wander'd o'er!
Here first my feet were taught to stray,
And here I pour'd my early lay,
Here found what pleasure books bestow,
And learn'd the little that I know.
In thee my sweetest friendships lay,
Begun in life's commencing day;
And Delia too, a dearer name,
Inspir'd me with a youthful flame.
How happily my days were spent!
They roll'd in pleasure and content:
Enjoyment then, unmix'd with care,
And free from fear, I tasted there.
Why have these days so quickly past?
Why could they not forever last?
My highest pleasure's now to raise
The mem'ry of these happier days.

Wherever

Wherever fortune may me place,
Thee, Leith, no distance shall efface,
And, wherefoe'er my journies bend,
My willing feet to thee will tend.



XIII. ON LIBERTY.

SWEET Liberty! to thee belong
The patriot's fire, the poet's song;
O ever on thy suppliant's head,
Thy sacred influence, Goddess, shed!
'Tis thou canst bid the barren isle
With charms denied by nature smile;
To him, who drags the galling chain,
The face of nature smiles in vain.
'Tis thou alone that canst impart
The manly motion to the heart,
Inform it of its native worth,
And call the gen'rous feeling forth.
Whatever be my fate decreed,
Whether to suffer, or succeed,
On me its sweets may Freedom pour,
And freedom crown my latest hour.

XIV. ON



XIV. ON SENSIBILITY.

HOW godlike he, whose gen'rous breast
Melts at the woes of the distressed;
Whose lib'ral feelings unconfin'd
Take in the whole of human kind!
What though his breast oft heave a sigh,
And oft a tear suffuse his eye?
What though, alas! he's doom'd to grieve
At mis'ry which he can't relieve?
Ev'n whilst the tear of pity flows,
The mind a purer pleasure knows
Than that which springs from sensual joys,
And madding laughter's empty noise.
And, though the sympathetic tear
May fall unmark'd, or slighted here,
It shall not scape divine regard,
Nor pass without its due reward.

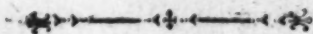
XV. THE



XV. THE SEXES.

TO brave each danger, bear each toil,
Traverse the seas, subdue the soil;
To seek the praise that learning yields,
Or glory win in martial fields;
Was man first form'd of hardy mold,
Patient of toil, in danger bold:
Yet man, of all these pow'rs possess,
Remain'd unblest, and unblest;
Till woman made, an helpmate meet,
His happiness became complete.
'Tis his to climb Fame's rugged way,
His trophies at her feet to lay;
'Tis hers to soothe the mental strife,
And sweeten all the ills of life.
In man each sterner art has place,
In woman each enchanting grace.
From men protection women find,
Men grace from woman's softer mind.
Man's form'd for action and debate,
To govern and defend the state;
To shun the scenes of private rest,
And stand in public life confest.
Woman is loveliest, when retir'd,
When least obtrusive, most admir'd,

In her the accent soft and low,
And blushing face most graceful shew :
Plac'd in the mild domestic sphere,
With native grace her charms appear ;
Expos'd to the broad glare of day,
Each modest beauty fades away.
When woman would be learn'd or great,
She seeks what's foreign to her state :
'Tis hers to know each winning way,
And rule by seeming to obey.



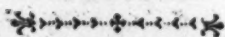
XVI. CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man, whose chearful mind
Ne'er at affliction's stroke repin'd,
Who bow'd submissive to the rod,
And recogniz'd the hand of God !
He, passing through this varied scene,
Where good and evil intervene,
Will learn amendment from the blow,
And by the trial firmer grow.
From nature's particolour'd hue
He'll cull what pleases most the view ;
Nor with malignant pleasure dwell
On blemishes, when more excel.

In

If

If he a neighbour's fault descry
 He'll turn aside his sparing eye;
 T'amend himself will be his care,
 Not to condemn what others are.
 Thus fortify'd misfortune's dart
 May wound, but ne'er shall pierce his heart:
 For meek-ey'd Patience, heav'nly maid,
 His virtue shall in trouble aid.
 In vain temptation lays its snares,
 In vain its evils life prepares;
 They shall his mind from dross renew,
 Its pow'rs improve, but not subdue:
 Affliction's salutary rod
 Shall guide his steps from earth to God.

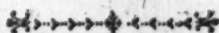


XVII. ADDRESS TO MY BOOKS.

YE Books! inspirers of my lay,
 To you the tribute due I pay;
 Far from the croud's distracting noise,
 With you I taste unmingled joys.
 'Tis yours with sprightly mirth to chear,
 Or wake the sympathetic tear,
 Each varied feeling to impart,
 And soothe, or animate the heart.

Attentive

Attentive, while your page I trace,
 Time passes with unheeded pace;
 Charm'd by your fascinating pow'r,
 I read till midnight's silent hour;
 And, while the tribe of mortals sleep,
 With you delightful vigils keep.
 You found at first my fortune low,
 And still perhaps may keep it so;
 But, if 'tis any bliss to live,
 From you that blessing I derive.



XVIII. THE STUDENT.

I.

THE youth, who feels the sacred flame,
 And seeks to reach the heights of fame,
 To toil must consecrate his days,
 And scorn the pleasure ease conveys;
 Each difficulty must disdain,
 And rise superior to each pain.

II.

In ease let others spend the day,
 And waste in sleep the night away;
 Him appetite shall ne'er controul,
 Nor sloth subdue his ardent soul:

C

Alike

Alike he must preserve his breast,
Unmov'd by luxury or rest.

III.

Such are the labours that arise
To him, who seeks fair learning's prize;
But honour shall attend his name,
And distant times his worth proclaim;
Superior far to envy's rage,
His fame shall live through ev'ry age.

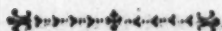


XIX. TO MRS. S——.

WITH how great pleasure you survey
Your infant offspring round you play,
To those who're mothers I appeal,
They only can conceive, who feel.
Delighted oft in them you trace
The features of their father's face;
And in these tender pledges prove
The sanction and increase of love.
Themselves assiduous to display,
Each tries some little winning way:
The little Harriot, envy'd bliss!
Climbs up your knees to gain a kiss;
While Charles your notice courts by guile,
And plucks your gown, to share your smile;

And

And William, more advanc'd than these,
A story tells in hopes to please.
Your favour all attempt to gain,
And all are of your favour vain.
By turns your fondness and your care
In various ways alike they share,
And by a kiss, a smile, a word,
Is happiness on each confer'd;
Contriving with a mother's art
To all their wishes to impart,
And render each completely blest,
Yet none more favour'd than the rest.
You 'mong the great and gay I've seen,
Distinguish'd by your dress and mien,
But ne'er you look'd with such a grace,
As now encircl'd by your race.
Oh! to a tender mother's pray'r
May heav'n their lives and safety spare,
Still may their conduct well repay,
Th' anxiety you now display
And you, in age declining, know
The pious cares you now bestow.
May sons, so like their fire, no less
His talents and his worth possess,
And daughters, to their mother's face
Add all her virtues, and her grace.



XX. VERSES TO THE LADIES.

YE fair, who swiftly borne on fashion's gale,
 To the gay port of joy and pleasure sail,
 From one, who's much your lover, more your friend,
 These lines, though humble, yet sincere, attend.
 Would ye by beauty wish to gain the heart,
 Trust to your native charms, secure of art?
 Who is there would improve the diamond's glow,
 Or to the rose a fairer tint bestow?
 The colouring of art, however fair,
 May with the bloom of nature ne'er compare;
 Oft beauty fails, by art adorn'd, to please,
 Resistless in simplicity and ease.
 But let not beauty be your only boast,
 How small its empire, and how quickly lost;
 For, as its fleeting graces fade away,
 So quickly too the flames they rais'd decay.
 Would ye more pure and constant lovers find,
 With sense adorn, with worth improve, your mind;
 Let wisdom, goodness, give to beauty grace,
 And add attraction to the charms of face.
 But chief, be virtuous modesty your care,
 Let this direct your words, your looks, your air,
 And make your beauties lovely as they're fair:

 }
 More

How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
 And feast the eyes with nature's bloom,
 Along the dewy lawn to rove,
 And hear the music of the grove!
 On inspiration's active wings
 Then heav'nly contemplation springs,
 And then upon the poet's head
 Their choicest gifts the muses shed.
 Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
 Neglect to taste the morning air;
 This will your nerves with vigour brace,
 Improve and heighten ev'ry grace,
 Add to your breath a rich perfume,
 And to your cheeks a fairer bloom,
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow,
 And health and chearfulness bestow.



XXII. VERSES TO A FEMALE SEDUCER.

OF innocence relentless foe,
 The virgin's ruin, parent's woe,
 Prone to devote to guilt and shame
 Th' unhappy objects of your flame.
 Her charms how oft you said and swore,
 You still would cherish and adore;
 You only wish'd her to believe,
 That you more safely might deceive.

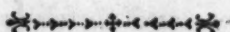
Ah!

Ah! why so cruel, to-undo
Her, all whose fault was love of you?
Her heart she fondly gave away,
And you but took it to betray.
One hapless moment, love o'ercame
The sense of guilt, the fear of shame;
You seiz'd the moment;—fraud began,
Force finish'd the unhallow'd plan;
You strongly swore, and closely prest,
And she no longer could resist;
By innocence, and love, she fell,
Believ'd too much, and lov'd too well.
To her, alas! our pity's due,
The crime and blame belong to you;
But, ah unjust! though yours the blame,
Yet hers the punishment and shame.
Boast in her fall, proclaim the art,
By which you triumph'd o'er her heart;
You will not be the worse receiv'd,
You will not be the less believ'd.
Insulted on account of you,
By you deserted quickly too,
Parents, relations, all disclaim,
And leave her to remorse and shame;
Nor finds she in her sex a friend,
While all attack, and none defend;
No tears can wash away her stain,
No time her ruin'd peace regain,
No comfort, no relief is nigh,
Her only refuge is,—to die!

Though

Ah!

Though none there are, who at thy hand
 The vengeance due may here demand,
 Yet know, and dread, there is a day,
 Whose sentence shall thy crime repay,
 When injur'd innocence its cause shall plead,
 And punishment deserv'd o'ertake the guilty deed.



XXII. TO A FRIEND LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

WISE is your choice, remov'd from care,
 To taste the sweets of rural air,
 And, undisturb'd by noise and strife,
 To make the most you can of life.
 True pleasure shuns the bustling croud,
 And pompous dwellings of the proud,
 Averse to show, she loves to dwell
 In modest virtue's private cell.
 They, who're in public doom'd to live,
 Must all their time to others give,
 To fashion sacrifice their ease,
 And pleasure to the wish to please,
 Opinion's arbitrary sway,
 Not nature's gentle laws obey;
 And, while they nourish secret woe,
 Maintain a false and painful show.
 Retirement's calm and peaceful joy,
 Nor noise disturbs, nor cares destroy;

Its

Its relish simple, but secure,
 Alike 'tis permanent and pure;
 'Tis only there content we find
 In health of body, peace of mind.

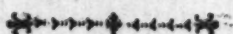


XXIV. TO MR STANLEY ON HIS VOYAGE TO
 ICELAND.

STANLEY, by scientific thirst led forth
 To visit distant regions of the North!
 Who, noble curiosity to please,
 Employ your fortune, sacrifice your ease:
 Without the means, though some like ardour feel,
 How many have the means, but want the zeal:
 Ah doubly and deserv'dly happy you,
 Who to the pow'r add inclination too!
 Possess'd of fortune, thus to be inclin'd
 Befits your station, more befits your mind.
 What will not they forego, what not endure,
 Who seek with ardour knowledge to procure?
 Pursuing this, all pleasures mean appear,
 All dangers seem unworthy of a fear:
 'Tis knowledge sweetens navigation's toil,
 And smooths the passage to the frozen soil.
 And O, may nature, when explor'd by you,
 Disclose its wonders, yet unknown to view!
 May science teach you to its heights to soar,
 Its depths to fathom, unessay'd before!

To

To guide your course may winds propitious blow,
 Seas swiftly bear you, and yet smoothly flow,
 And safe again restore to British ground,
 With all your wishes, all your merits crown'd !

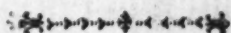


XXV. TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MAN OF
 FEELING.

MKENZIE ! master of the art :
 Each finer feeling to impart,
 And at the tender tale of woe
 To bid the gen'rous sorrows flow :
 Is there, who does not recognize
 The feelings from thy page that rise ?
 Or, by thy sentiments, a mind
 That is not soften'd and refin'd ?
 Such is thy pencil's magic art,
 Each stroke so painted to the heart ;
 All give thee praise the most sincere,
 And own thy merits,—with a tear.
 Sure feelings to the heart so true
 The heart, that felt them, only drew,
 And chiefly to thyself belong
 The virtues thou couldst mark so strong.
 To whom is not thy Harley dear ?
 Who to his fate denies a tear ?

For

For such a death as his, ev'n I
Could bear, could almost wish to die.
Who to his urn does not repair
To weep with Lucy Walton there;
And, while the tears o'erflow his eyes,
Finds virtue in his bosom rise?
Oh! could I in this feeble lay
Pleasure from thee receiv'd repay!
But, though thy worth I can't express,
Ah think not that I feel it less.



XXVI. ON A THUNDER STORM.

THE beasts affrighted leave their play,
And scour along the plain;
Thick gloom obscures the face of day,
And furious beats the rain;

Men from their work to shelter fly,
Warn'd by the troubled air;
Loud peals of thunder rend the sky,
And lurid light'nings glare.

Now louder bursts of thunder roll
Terrific on my ear,
And seem to rend the shaking pole,
Or crush the sinking sphere.

The

The horrors of the scene around
 Increas'd by silent gloom,
Save where the peals of thunder sound,
 And light'ning's fires illumine.

O may the trembling wretch be spar'd
 With secret guilt oppress'd !
How small, alas ! the storm compar'd
 To that within his breast !

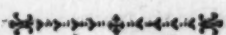
He thinks almighty ire proclaim'd
 In ruin round him spread,
And each successive stroke as aim'd
 At his devoted head :

Fain would he from the danger fly,
 His feet refuse t'obey ;
And fain implore the pitying sky,
 But knows not how to pray.

The good man unapall'd by fears
 Views nature's troubled form,
His God he in the thunder hears,
 And sees him in the storm.

He knows who spreads the gloom around,
 And bids the thunders rise,
Again will quickly calm the sound,
 And cheer with light the skies.

Or on his head should thunder fall,
Its stroke he would defy,
The welcome message sent to call,
And bear him to the sky.



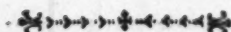
XXVII. TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

THE homage of this joyful day
Shall I alone neglect to pay?
Shall I, who most sincerely feel,
Be last to testify my zeal?
Hail marriage! heav'n's mysterious law
The closer kindred souls to draw,
To strengthen love's delightful bands,
And join to hearts united hands:
More happy far, than those who're free,
Who wear the chains impos'd by thee.
The brave and wise deserve to share
Peculiar favour of the fair;
Who live to virtue and to fame,
Love, the reward of merit, claim:
For female beauty e'er will have
Admirers in the wise and brave;
Love still most powerfully retains
The best and noblest in its chains.

D

Your

Your union may each joy await
 Of marriage in its happiest state,
 May you, my friend, each pleasure find,
 When beauty is to merit kind !
 And from your bed may children rise,
 Daughters as fair, and sons as wise,
 In whom your likeness we may view,
 And see your worth again renew !

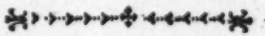


XXVIII. VERSES TO A LADY, FROM WHOM THE
 AUTHOR HAD RECEIVED A PRESENT.

THE poet seeks in beauty's smile
 The full reward of all his toil ;
 But not with smiles your favour ends,
 Your smiles—your bounty too attends.
 You bounty with such grace exprest,
 The gift itself is valued less,
 But for the giver valued more
 Than all that fortune has in store.
 You favours give with so much ease,
 As makes ev'n obligation please,
 Nor seem to think we thanks should pay,
 But would remove the weight you lay:

Nor

Nor can you higher pleasure feel
Than when the instrument of weal.
Next to be able to bestow,
I'd to your goodness chuse to owe ;
Your gift with joy, with pride, I'll wear,
For worth, like yours, makes bounty dear.



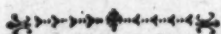
XXIX. THE POET'S COMPLAINT.

TO books I gave my early days
In hopes to merit future praise,
Admir'd each bard and sage's name,
And fondly hop'd to share their fame.
In vain I wish'd and hop'd,—at last
The gay deceitful dream is past :
The generous labours of the Bard
Few heed, and fewer still reward :
Few prize the merits of the man,
But his defects the meanest scan.
Contemn'd by folly and by pride,
His feelings he but ill can hide,
And, conscious of his own desert,
Each wound sinks deeper in his heart.
Ev'n those, who own the poet's skill
Leave him a prey to ev'ry ill ;
Delighted they peruse the lay,
But ne'er the price of pleasure pay.

D 2

Those

Those finer feelings of the mind
 Form'd to improve the human-kind,
 Deny'd their exercise and food,
 Prey on themselves in solitude,
 And parts, which heav'n indulgent gave,
 But sink their owner to the grave.
 Then only, when the poet dies,
 We learn his former worth to prize ;
 And, when neglect has caus'd his doom,
 We lavish honours on his tomb.



XXX. ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

SWEET Mistress of the tuneful art,
 Muse ! dearest fav'rite of my heart,
 Companion of my earliest day,
 Thou guide, inspirer of my lay :
 Soon as my childhood learn'd to feel,
 Thou fir'dst me with a poet's zeal,
 My infant breast thou taughtst to glow,
 My lisping tongue in numbers flow.
 Thou bad'st my face to nature true
 Whate'er I felt unfold to view ;
 And at the deeds of heroes bold,
 And fate of hapless lovers, told,

Or

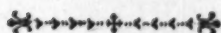
Or flush'd with gen'rous warmth appear,
 Or moisten'd with a tender tear.
 Thou bad'st my youthful bosom prove
 Th'alternate sweets and pains of love,
 To passion's honest tide give way
 And pour my soul in artless lay.
 If ever thou to me wert dear,
 If ought I've sung that thou might'st hear,
 If I have left the crouded way
 With thee in lonely paths to stray;
 If I've thy favour wish'd to share,
 And giv'n thee ought of time and care;
 If tedious nights and days I've toil'd,
 My weariness by thee beguil'd;
 And more than fortune's gifts, or ease,
 Thou could'st my youthful fancy please;—
 Grant this,—My life with honour crown,
 And give my death deserv'd renown.



XXXI. TO A YOUNG FRIEND ENGAGED IN THE
STUDY OF THE LAW.

No more to roam through science unconfin'd,
 You to one object bend your active mind,
 Enough already vers'd in classic lore,
 The volumes of the law you now explore:
 These lays, though humble, yet sincere, attend,
 Forgive the author, and approve the friend.

First, let instructions now confirm'd by age,
Your time, your talents, and your care engage;
The laws and constitution of the land
It first, and most, befits to understand;
On this foundation you alone can raise
The superstructure of your future praise.
Next, read, if as a speaker you would shine,
Demosthenes and Tully line by line;
Remark in what their diff'rent merit lies,
The Roman copious, and the Greek concise:
From one your meaning learn with force to trace,
From t'other, to adorn your stile with grace;
Learn from the one conviction to impress,
From t'other truth to clothe in pleasing drefs.
To study add example:—Oft resort
To the full pleadings of the croud'd court;
Some useful hint from ev'ry speaker take,
But to yourself—yourself—a model make.
'Bove all, my friend, ah, ne'er forget to feel
The love of praise, that now inflames your zeal:
Still may your veins glow with ambition's heat,
And still to honour's call your bosom beat!
Be yours the task weak virtue to defend,
And confidence to modest truth to lend,
And to each purpose of a noble heart
Employ your elocution's powerful art.
O may your future and distinguish'd praise
Confirm the promise of your early days!
The just reward of merit may you claim
High in your station, higher in your fame!



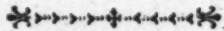
XXXII. THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE ROSE.

A ROSE long flourish'd, fair to view,
In all the pride of bloom,
But, trampled on, soon lost its hue,
And wasted its perfume.

A sage beheld it as it lay,
A tender tear he shed,
And, Where thy colours once so gay?
He moralizing said.

Perhaps, said he, I at thy fate
Less griev'd might now repine;
But emblem of the mortal state,
My own I see in thine.

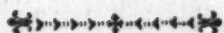
XXXIII. VERSES



XXXIII. VERSES SENT TO A YOUNG LADY
WITHOUT THE NAME OF THE AUTHOR.

THE small but artless tribute of a lay
Permit a youthful bard unknown to pay ;
The lay, to female worth and beauty due,
He gives, because he can't with-hold, to you.
Your pow'r already gazing eyes declare,
Already, eager looks pronounce you fair :
Yet be not vain of these : How foolish they,
Who're vain of charms, that quickly must decay !
Would you for ever bind the chains of love ?
Your mind with knowledge and with worth improve ;
Anticipate what must befall at last,
And be what you would be, when beauty's past.
O may not youth now unimprov'd be spent,
Nor of your early choice your age repent,
The highest bliss of woman may you know,
That beauty join'd with virtue can bestow !
These lines receive from one, who, tho' unknown,
Your welfare prizes dearly as his own,
From one, who asks what all, who know you, claim,
And he would fain deserve, your friendship's name :
Fortune suppresses what he else might feel,
Nor more allows him than to wish your weal :
Trust me, — no higher pleasure I could share,
Than know you're good, and happy, as you're fair.

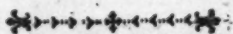
XXXIV. TO

XXXIV. TO MRS. PIOZZI, ON HER VISIT TO
SCOTLAND.

HAIL! led by science to explore,
PIOZZI! welcome to our shore,
Thou ornament of female kind,
Above thy sex how far refin'd,
With ev'ry softer virtue grac'd,
Improv'd by knowledge and by taste!
Here came thy Johnson, but inclin'd
The faults believ'd unseen to find;
Could vulgar errors thus retain
A mind so vig'rous in their chain?
Mean prejudice and party-rage
Obscure the lustre of his page.
But thou, prepar'd with candid eye
More beauties than defects to spy,
The progress of the arts shalt view,
And pleas'd bestow the praises due.
Nor think these realms unknown to fame,
Unworthy of attention's claim:
Tis ours to boast a race of old,
Hardy, unconquerable, bold,
Secure of Roman pow'r who stood,
And pour'd in freedom's cause their blood:

Here

Here science dawn'd with early ray,
 Here shines in all the blaze of day;
 And arts, which, long obstructed, rose
 At last triumphant o'er their foes,
 More flourish, than in climes, that ly
 Beneath a brighter milder sky.
 These praises you'll bestow as due,
 You'll others teach to think them true,
 And bid in Britons be forgot
 The mean distinction,—English,—Scot.

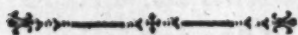


XXXV. ADDRESS TO NEWSPAPERS.

Some of the verses now published were inserted in the Caledonian Mercury. The Author mentions this circumstance to account for one or two allusions in the following lines.

NEWSPAPERS hail! the grateful lay
 To you so justly due I pay;
 Your praise it suits me to proclaim,
 Who owe to you my little fame.
 Within four pages narrow bound
 How much of use and pleasure's found?
 Though widely diff'rent tastes may be,
 To praise you all alike agree.

Do traders wish to buy or sell?
Of both advertisements will tell.
In you the man of learning looks,
To see what there is new of books:
And men of pleasure too are told
Where'er amusement's to be sold,
And wisely change for mirth their gold.
From your authentic information
We learn the posture of the nation:
Hence politicians form conjectures,
Here find the subject of their lectures.
And ladies are informed by you,
Whatever marriages are new;
And, with the long delay much vexed,
Think when their turn shall come the next.
Merc'ry, 'tis said, was sent below,
To tell of gods what men should know:
So we, who in the town resort,
Are told by you what's done at court;
And they, who live in country down,
Are told in turn what's done in town.
So wide your plan, you don't refuse
T' admit the sallies of the muse:
And, when there's scarcity of matter,
Or nothing to amuse us better,
An humble poet, such as I,
A corner sometimes may supply.



XXXVI. A CONVIVIAL SONG.

I.

NOW the bottles and glasses in order are set,
 And here all dispos'd to be merry we're met,
 The liquor tastes rarely; our mirth to prolong
 What then needs there more but to sing you a song?
 My song while I sing let the bottle still pass,
 And let every stanza be crown'd with a glass.

II.

And first to the King let a bumper be crown'd,
 (And, President, see that it fairly go round,)
 May he flourish in peace, or in war be victorious,
 May his reign be long, be happy, and glorious!
 My song while I sing, &c.

III.

Let each drink in turn to the girl he likes best,
 And our quantum of love be in liquor express'd;
 Here's a bumper to Delia, 'tis both large and stout,
 But may I be drown'd if I don't drink it out.
 My song while I sing, &c.

IV.

Let's drink next to our friends, and then to our foes,
 And last with a glass to ourselves let us close;
 Then

Then here's a good night, with a bumper in hand,
Tis better to go while we're able to stand.
My song while I sing, &c.

V.

'Tis remarked that those, who sit long at the cup,
Too often in quarrelling abruptly break up;
Let us part in good case, while we're just somewhat
mellow,
And at parting salute each other goodfellow.



XXXVII. A SONG.

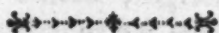
COME let us drive business and sorrow away,
And, forgetting to-morrow, live merry to-day;
Since man is of clay-mold, and life is a span,
Let us moisten our clay, and laugh while we can.

Those dull mortals I hate, who are full of their store,
And who, having enough, still wish to get more;
Or those, who cry out, That the nation's in ruin,
Because they can't share in the spoils of undoing:

But let me be plac'd in a snug easy chair,
With a friend at my side like myself void of care,
With my pipe in my mouth, and my glass in my hand,
And I'll look down with scorn on the lords of the land.

E

XXXVIII. TO



XXXVIII. TO A HANDSOME YOUNG LADY, WHO
TALKED MUCH.

WHILE raptur'd on your charms I gaze,
You speak so loud and long,
I find you angel in your face,
But woman in your tongue.

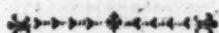
When taken captive by your eyes,
What pains I might endure!
But happily your tongue supplies
To beauty's wounds a cure.

You still perhaps my love might gain,
If ever it could be,
That you from speaking could refrain,
Or I could only see:

That this shall be the case, appears
How small a chance, so long
As I shall still retain my ears,
And you retain your tongue!

If lovers then you would pursue,
Ah! learn your pow'r to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquests of your eyes.

XXXIX. JEUX



XXXIX. JEUX D' ESPRIT.

OF all things, that I know, the worst
Is waiting at a great man's door;
And wise is he, deny'd at first,
Who ne'er attempts admittance more.

When your assistance forc'd to sue,
You bid me call from day to day,
But promise that at last you'll do
What will compensate the delay.

Resolv'd to trifle now no more,
You give me a denial plain,
Unsay whate'er you said before,
And tell I need not call again.

Why then of disappointments past
Should I ungratefully complain?
Rather thank you, that at last
You deign'd to set me free from pain.



XL. THE WISH.

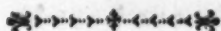
I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend;
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart;
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
Or mingle with my griefs a tear,
For whom alone I'd wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to secure my blifs for life,
I'd wish that friend to be a wife.



EPIGRAM.

OF those the poet who commend,
How very few there are befriended;
But, while his stomach food demands,
With barren bays you fill his hands;
And, bread refusing to his claim,
You starve him first, then give him fame.

EXTEMPORE



EXTEMPORE TO A GENTLEMAN WHO RE-
MARKED THAT THE AUTHOR WAS THIN.

YOU say I'm thin—And what of that?
How seldom is a poet fat!



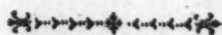
TO A GENTLEMAN WHO BLAMED MY VERSES.

THOU say'st my verses are not fine,
I grant it,—only show us thine.



EXTEMPORE.

THE rose is sweet no longer red,
And virtue charms though beauty's fled.



ON A PRETTY YOUNG LADY WHO APPEARED
MUCH IN PUBLIC.

I don't dispute your charms of face,
But can without emotion gaze;
Thus, though we own a picture fine,
Yet who would heed it, if a sign?



EPIGRAM.

No woman's ugly I maintain,
Each of the sex has charms
That may a lover's fancy gain,
And bless a husband's arms.

Woman I never yet could see
Without some secret grace,
Some pleasing charm, whate'er it be,
Of person or of face.

ED

POETICAL EXERCISES
AND
TRANSLATIONS.



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THE few following verses and translations were written as a kind of voluntary exercises at a time, when the author was particularly engaged in the studies with which they are connected. To praise writers, who have been the objects of universal admiration is indeed no difficult task. But it is a task which can never be unnecessary or impertinent.— These writers are the standards of composition, the models, by the careful study and imitation of which the young must form themselves to excellence. They guard the porch of learning, and it is only by a previous acquaintance with them that we can be qualified to gain admittance. On inspiring youth with a taste for their writings must, in a great measure, depend their improvement in literature: Nor can they be taught to admire and study them too much; for in proportion to the ardour of their admiration, and the diligence of their study, will be their chance of imitating them with success, and approaching nearer to that exalted excellence, which they only were able to attain.

THERE is no translation, however just, that can retain the spirit and grace of the original; nor can any one judge rightly of the merit of an author, who
has

has not read his compositions, in the language in which they were written. Translations, with a few exceptions, are like skeletons, the same bulk, but deprived of the animating principle. The sentiments, which Greek and Roman genius was capable of conceiving, can be adequately conveyed only by the words which were at first employed to express them. Translated into the comparatively rude and imperfect languages of modern Europe, they resemble a refined spirit, which evaporates by transfusion, or retains only its grosser qualities. Translation, however, is an useful exercise; for while it shows how far we understand the language from which we translate, it may contribute to improve our own; and while we study to do justice to the meaning of the author, we may catch some of those happy turns of expression, which are peculiar to the writings of antiquity.

POETICAL

POETICAL EXERCISES, &c.



1. VERSES ON GRECIAN LITERATURE.

HAIL antient Greece ! the sacred earth,
That gave to bards and heroes birth,
Where arts and virtue were combin'd
To perfect and adorn the mind.
Twas there great Homer pour'd along
The majesty of epic song ;
To him all nature stood confest,
And heav'nly genius warm'd his breast ;
He gave to future writers law
And from his copious source they draw.
There history receiv'd its form
Taught by Herodotus to charm ;
Thucydides with manly rage,
And nervous sense inform'd its page.
The drama there learn'd to impart
Each vary'd passion to the heart.

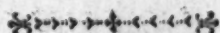
There

There could Demosthenes controul
 By pow'rful eloquence the soul;
 Greece on his lips attentive hung,
 And took their motions from his tongue;
 His words could rouse a drooping land,
 Could force the vanquish'd to withstand;
 And, ev'n while vict'ry led the way,
 The tyrant's proud career delay.
 There Socrates, the good and wise,
 Brought down instruction from the skies;
 And turn'd from empty dreams the mind,
 To what belong'd to human-kind;
 He led them to the first great Cause,
 The Arbiter of nature's laws,
 And taught their narrow hopes t'extend
 To an existence without end:
 Th' example that he show'd was fraught
 With ev'ry virtue which he taught.
 'Twas his a gen'rous life to spend,
 And crown it by a noble end:
 In black adversity his worth
 With double radiance shone forth,
 An unjust violent death but drew
 His virtues into public view.
 There Plato in poetic drefs
 Did philosophic truth express;
 And Xenophon with native ease
 Nor seem'd to seek, nor fail'd, to please.

Illustrious sages, who refin'd,
 And elevated human-kind,

They

They only can your worth express,
 Who genius like your own possess !
 Oh ! could I, in these feeble lays
 But add a note to swell your praise,
 Or e'er to future time my name
 Descend protected by your fame,
 As one, whom youthful ardour fir'd
 To celebrate what he admir'd,
 And, at a distance, to pursue
 The bright example set by you !



II. VERSES ON ROME.

HAIL ancient Rome ! illustrious ground,
 Alike for arms and arts renown'd,
 'Tis thine to boast united praise
 Of bravest deeds, and brightest lays,
 Each native virtue of the heart,
 Each grace of imitative art.
 There Virgil sung in tuneful strains
 The loves and labours of the swains ;
 A bolder theme he then essays,
 And tunes to warlike deeds his lays,
 Taught by the muse the vary'd art
 To elevate or melt the heart :
 'Twas his the pow'r of sound to know.
 And bid his numbers sweetly flow ;

F

Homer

Homer excell'd in manly rage,
But softer graces fill his page;
With fury Homer could alarm,
But Virgil can with sweetness charm.
There too the sprightly Horace strung
The Grecian lyre to Roman tongue;
Sublime he sings the hero's praise,
Or tunes to love and wine his lays;
Or teaches what is right, what wrong,
With all th' engaging art of song,
Of that felicity possess'd,
Which may be felt, but not express'd.
There Livy, in his copious page
Recalls to view the former age,
And painted by his glowing pen
Each hero seems to live again;
While Tacitus, concise and dense,
Expresses more than meets the sense.
There the great Cicero displays
Of eloquence an endless blaze,
Majestic, flowing, full, and strong,
The copious torrent pours along.
There Cato, whose unconquer'd mind
No art could melt, no force could bind,
In midst of a corrupted state
Singly oppos'd impending fate,
And stood up in the glorious cause
Of virtue, liberty, and laws:
He feels no vulgar hopes, or cares,
Whilst all his mind his country shares,

Deep

Deep at his heart its int'rests ly,
Nor fears he for its sake to die,
And, rather than survive a slave,
He chose a voluntary grave.
And Brutus there, to freedom true,
The man he lov'd, when tyrant, slew;
He lov'd his friend, he wept his fate,
But lov'd and pity'd more the state.
But why confine the praise to few,
To a whole people justly due?
In early times, who did not feel
An ardour for the public weal?
What Roman for his country's good
Was not prepar'd to shed his blood?
Simple at home, brave in the field,
Against each stroke of fortune steel'd,
No danger could their courage quell,
And if they conquer'd not, they fell:
Such Romans were,—and such as they
Deserv'd a subject world to sway.



III. LINES SENT TO DR. — ALONG WITH THE
PRECEDING VERSES.

RECEIVE these lines, devoid of art,
The homage of a grateful heart :
To you, who prais'd my infant strain,
The labours of my youth pertain.
Doom'd in life's thorny path to stray,
The muse with flow'rs has strow'd my way,
Bestow'd a portion of her fire,
And bade my useful steps aspire.
If, midst thy toils, this verse impart
One moment's pleasure to thy heart,
If thou, my Friend, approve my lays,
I ne'er shall wish for higher praise.

IV. GREECE.



IV. G R E E C E.

SOON falls the monumental bust,
 The trophied pillar sinks to dust,
 The marble arch and lofty tow'r
 Submit to time's resistless pow'r;
 The blood-stain'd laurels quickly fade,
 The haughty victor's brows that shade;
 But, in immortal verdure, bloom
 The myrtle wreath that decks the poet's hallow'd
 tomb.

Fam'd Greece, of art and wealth the boast,
 Where now is all thy splendor lost?
 Thy domes that seem'd to threat the sky,
 In undistinguish'd ruins ly;
 Where stood the works of matchless hands
 The rude and lonely cottage stands;
 Where arts and virtue were combin'd,
 Now vice and error rule the mind;
 Where freedom's manly offspring trod,
 Slaves hug their galling chains, and crouch beneath
 the rod.

F 3

But

But still, through ev'ry age the strain
 Of matchless Homer shall remain :
 Plac'd on th' Aonian height sublime,
 He views unmov'd the flight of time.
 The Muse bids heroes never die,
 The Muse exalts them to the sky.
 Before great Agamemnon's age
 Liv'd many heroes brave and sage ;
 But, ah ! low ly these sage and brave,
 Unwept, unhonour'd in the grave :
 They only, sung in Homer's page,
 Defy time's all-destructive rage,
 They only scap'd the gen'ral doom,
 And boast exemption from th' oblivion of the tomb.

Immortal Greece ! where ev'ry art,
 And ev'ry virtue shar'd a part ;
 Where chiefs in battle bravest fought,
 And where sublimest poets wrote,
 Where sages, more than mortal wise,
 Explor'd the secrets of the skies,
 And daring artists try'd a road
 By imitation still untrod :
 There, there alone, the human mind
 Was to its highest pitch refin'd,
 And, taught by genius, learn'd to soar
 To heights unequall'd yet, and never known before.

What sep'rate worth in others shines
 With brighter rays in Greece combines :

Their

Their vary'd language such, as best
Their boundless reach of thought express'd,
In ev'ry form of writing try'd,
To all it equally apply'd,
Alike in bold and tender lays
Unalter'd excellence displays,
Form'd ev'ry passion to bestow,
Or rouse to rage, or melt to woe;
Now, like the streams that smoothly glide
Along their banks with silver tide;
Now like the torrent swollen with rain,
That rushes headlong o'er the plain;
Now like the surface of the deep,
When all the winds are hush'd to sleep;
Now like the surge that beats the shore,
While the resounding rocks rebellow to the roar.

Illustrious Greece, to which belong
Unrivall'd pow'rs of sacred song!
When Homer wakes the lofty sound,
What notes divine are heard around!
His pow'rful call each muse obeys;
Each deep recess his glance surveys;
And, skill'd in nature's inmost laws,
From her exhaustless stores he draws,
And joins the bard's impetuous rage
With the discernment of the sage.
Supreme in all the poet's art,
To touch the strings that move the heart;
But chief to rouse the rage of war,
And thro' th' ensanguin'd field direct his glowing car.
Yet

Yet, though to the Mæonian strain,
 The highest praise of song pertain,
 Nor be the Theban bard unsung,
 To lofty themes his lyre who strung,
 Who rolls the rapid verse along,
 Irregularly bold and strong,
 And pours the animated strain,
 In numbers that restraint disdain :
 Whether, on the resounding string,
 The majesty of gods he sing ;
 Or, to the hero's mem'ry, raise,
 More lasting far than brass, a monument of praise.

But, hark ! I hear a softer sound ;
 Perfumes diffuse their odours round ;
 The gay Anacreon strikes the lyre,
 And melts the soul to soft desire ;
 About his lips the graces play,
 The little loves inspire his lay ;
 With flow'ry wreaths his head is crown'd,
 His temples are with roses bound ;
 His silver tresses breathe perfume ;
 His cheeks are flush'd with purple bloom :
 Stretch'd on a couch, for pleasure made,
 He quaffs the flowing bowl, and clasps the yielding
 maid.

These, Greece, were thine ;—yet these how few
 To whom the praise of song was due !
 Thine were the masters of the stage,
 Inspiring tenderness or rage ;

Thine

Thine he, who oft a Doric lay
 On oaten pipe was wont to play ;
 He, who of gods records the birth,
 And sings the culture of the earth.
 Besides, how many tuneful page
 Has perish'd by barbarians rage,
 Or sunk among the wrecks of all-devouring age.

Nor merely Greece demands the bays,
 Alike possess'd of ev'ry praise.
 There, History its tale pursues,
 Form'd to instruct us, and amuse ;
 And lifts its voice to future times,
 To virtue fires, and warns from crimes.
 There eloquence its stores displays,
 And with a force resistless sways ;
 Controuls the victor's proud career,
 And bids the vanquish'd cease to fear.
 The friend and guardian of our kind,
 To heal the errors of the mind,
 Philosophy had first its birth,
 In Greece, when sent by Jove to earth.
 There Liberty upheld her reign.
 With ev'ry manly grace, and virtue in her train.

V. LINES



V. LINES SENT TO MR. ——— WITH THE PRE-
CEDING VERSES.

The following tribute to the character of a Gentleman respectable by situation and merit, equally useful in his official capacity, and amiable in his private connections, gratitude compels the Author to pay; while respect will not allow him to insert the name.

FAIN with your name I'd grace my lays,
Yet fear to injure, while I praise,
Small is the homage I impart,
But take it from a grateful heart.
Form'd, as a scholar, to explore
The writers skill'd in antient lore,
Their language, and their sense, explain,
And point the beauties of their strain:
You varied excellence unite,
Though learn'd, not therefore less polite,
Of graceful manners form'd to please,
And complaisant to all with ease:
And, while these merits we approve,
Your virtues we must also love;
With ev'ry other praise you blend
The worthy man, and gen'rous friend,

Complete

Complete alike in ev'ry part,
 The thinking head, the feeling heart.
 This tribute paid to honest fame,
 Ah! need I now to add your name!
 To whom this character applies
 Who knows not? or, who knows, denies?
 I meanest of the muse's tribe,
 To you these artless lays inscribe,
 To you who taught the rules of song,
 The strains yourself inspir'd belong.



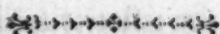
THE DANGERS OF NAVIGATION. HOR. B. I.

ODE 3.

BOLD was his breast, who dar'd to brave
 Untry'd the horrors of the wave,
 In a frail bark intrust his ease
 And safety to the stormy seas;
 Nor fear'd the winds, that dreadful rise,
 And mix the billows with the skies,
 The winds that rule the ocean's rage,
 Of pow'r to rouse it, or assuage;
 Nor the unfriendly stars, that shed
 Destruction on the sailor's head.
 Could death an ill to him appear,
 Who view'd the deep without a fear?

While

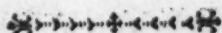
While monsters of prodigious size
 On ev'ry side are seen to rise,
 While swelling seas assail the sky,
 And hidden rocks in ambush ly,
 To lure the sailor to his doom,
 And whelm him in a watry tomb.



VII. HOR. B. I. ODE 24. TO VIRGIL.

WHAT bounds can our regret confine,
 Quinctilius, for a death like thine?
 Muse of the elegiac strain
 Ah teach our sorrow to complain!
 Has then Quinctilius sunk to rest
 By death's unending sleep oppress?
 So pure, so incorrupt a mind,
 Alas how seldom shall we find!
 How very few can earth now boast
 Of equal worth to him we've lost?
 How dear he was—the gen'ral woe,
 And chiefly yours, my Virgil, show;
 By none, while living, lov'd so well,
 By none he more lamented fell.
 In vain you piously complain;
 The tear of sorrow flows in vain:
 By nature's law his life he ow'd;
 Heav'n but resumes what it bestow'd.

Can grief the lifeless shade restore,
Or bring him from the fatal shore?
Then, let us patiently endure
The ill our sorrows cannot cure.



VIII. HOR BOOK I. ODE 31.

I.

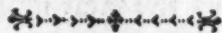
FROM Phœbus, Patron of the lyre,
What does his suppliant bard require?
Not, sure, Sardinia's fertile fields,
Nor all the herds Calabria yields:
Not mines, where gold resplendent glows,
Nor lands, where Liris gently flows.

II.

Let those, who're charm'd with wealth, or state,
Request that they be rich or great:
But an old age with music crown'd,
A quiet life, and health e'er sound,
A mind at ease, and simple fare,
Shall still engage my constant pray'r.

G

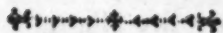
IX. HOR.



IX. HOR. BOOK II. ODE 3.

OR plac'd in a successful state,
 Or forc'd to strive with adverse fate,
 Preserve an equal frame of mind
 Still to thy varying lot resign'd.
 For whether thou art doom'd below
 To sink beneath the shades of woe,
 Or bask in fortune's gilded rays,
 One fate must terminate thy days.
 Then, whilst thy life allows thee, haste
 T' improve the moment ere 'tis past;
 From thy short state learn to be wise,
 And catch the bliss that quickly flies.
 For soon thou must each scene desert,
 Which now has pow'r to charm thy heart;
 Thy wealth and fortune, thine no more,
 Shall heap another master's store,
 And, whether sprung from royal race,
 Thee wealth and splendid honours grace,
 Or to the storm expos'd thou ly,
 Unalter'd is thy doom to die.
 By all the path of death is trode,
 All sink to nature's last abode;
 We in the gen'ral doom must share,
 And yield to fate, unknown to spare.

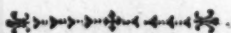
X. HOR.



X. HOR. BOOK II. ODE 16.

FOR ease the sailor braves the seas,
 The foldier dares the plain for ease;
 Ease, which deluded men in vain
 In wealth or honours seek to gain.
 Nor pow'r's parade, nor grandeur's glare,
 Can e'er remove uneasy care;
 Care still attends on cumbrous state,
 And haunts the dwellings of the great.
 Happy the man, whose store, though scant,
 Administers to ev'ry want,
 Whose breast no craving passion knows,
 Nor fear disturbs his sweet repose!
 Ah foolish man! the prey of cares,
 Why stretch thy plans beyond thy years?
 Or think by change of place to find
 A bliss dependant on the mind?
 What pleasures now await thee share,
 Forgetful of approaching care;
 And, yielding to thy fate, beguile
 The frowns of fortune with a smile:
 To hope for perfect bliss is vain,
 Since pleasure still is join'd with pain.
 The brave Achilles in his bloom
 Was destin'd to an early tomb;

To all the ills of age a prey
 Tithonus linger'd life away :
 And time may to my life assign
 The term which it shall take from thine.



XI. HOR. BOOK III. ODE 2.

How sweet to perish in the cause
 Of country, liberty, and laws !
 Since (fix'd it is) one common grave
 Receives the coward and the brave ;
 Better in honour's field to die,
 Than fall inglorious as we fly.
 Virtue no mean denial knows,
 But with unfullied brightness glows ;
 Blest in herself, nor praise, nor hate,
 Affect her fix'd unalter'd state ;
 She courts no smile, she fears no frown,
 Nor takes nor lays her honours down.
 She opes the mansions of the skies,
 And grants to worth the glorious prize ;
 And, though from death she cannot save,
 Yet bids it live beyond the grave :
 On soaring wings she takes her way
 To the bright realms of endless day,
 And still by paths unbeaten tries
 To more exalted heights to rise,

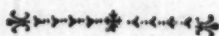
And

And thence with scorn and pity views
The vulgar joys the croud pursues.



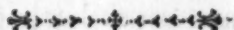
XII. THE LION, ASS, AND FOX. A FABLE.

A LION, ass, and fox, combin'd
Their joint endeavours game to find,
And, when in chace much prey they found,
The ass is bid to deal it round.
Of force superior unaware,
To each he dealt an equal share :
The lion, vex'd to be but equal,
(Mark now what follows in the sequel),
Exclaims, You shan't divide so more,
And the poor ass in pieces tore:
Then to the trembling fox he cry'd,
Now, prithee, friend, do thou divide.
The fox to him the whole assign'd,
Leaving a paltry bit behind.
Who taught thee thus? the lion cries;
The ass's fate, the fox replies.



XIII. THE OLD MAN AND DEATH. A FABLE.

A POOR old man went to a wood,
In quest of sticks to dress his food;
And, having fix'd them on his back,
Homeward again pursu'd his track.
The load was hard, the way was long,
The bearer was not over-strong;
Sometime he made a shift to trudge,
At last a foot he could not budge,
His load in vain he try'd to prop,
So e'en was forc'd to let it drop,
And, yielding to despair, he said,
Come, Death, my last and only aid.
Death, almost soon as call'd, at hand,
Inquir'd the cause of his demand:
The old man answer'd, Be so good
As give me up my load of wood;
Grant me but this, and I will never
Request of you another favour.



XIV. FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

MEDEA now dishonour'd and forlorn,
Her breast by grief and indignation torn,
Exclaims, Where's now the faith he swore so strong?
Invokes each god, the witness of her wrong.
Her wasted strength no due repast repairs,
No peaceful slumber frees her mind from cares,
In bitter tears consuming all the time,
She broods incessant o'er her husband's crime:
Extended upon earth's cold bed she lies,
Nor raises from the ground her weeping eyes,
Of grief insatiate, and deaf to joy,
In vain her friends each soothing art employ:
Sometimes her beauteous neck she upward turns,
And to herself her distant father mourns,
Her native soil, and home, which once so dear
She left to be betray'd and injur'd here:
She wretched feels how sweet it is to spend
Life unmolested in one's native land.
Her children now are odious to her sight,
Once pledges of reciprocal delight,
She sickens at their view, nor deigns to trace
Their father's hated features in their face.

But

But much I fear her vengeance 'gainst her foes,
 Her mind indignant ill can brook her woes :
 I know her well, and much her rage I dread
 Lest she heap ruin on some destin'd head,
 And with her husband's blood, or hers he wed,
 Stain the bright honours of the nuptial bed.
 Dreadful she is,—those who with her contend,
 Will never boast their triumph in the end.

Unhappy princess, how I pity you !
 But why detest your wretched children too ?
 Their father is the author of your tears ;
 But ah ! have pity on their helpless years ;
 They never could offend, at least them spare,
 They merit not your vengeance, but your care.
 Ah ! how I fear what evils may await
 Their innocent, unguarded, infant state !

A thousand snares surround the rich and great,
 Safety alone attends the middle state :
 Free from the cares uneasy grandeur knows,
 Be't mine to taste secure and sweet repose,
 A quiet unmolested life to spend,
 And meet by slow and gentle steps my end.
 Uneasy cares alike invade the door
 Of those who're proudly rich and meanly poor :
 That heav'nly charm no other state bestows ;
 Tranquillity from moderation flows.
 Security is to the great deny'd,
 Harrafs'd with toils and fears on ev'ry side,

And

And, in adversity's distressful hour,
They doubly feel misfortune's dreaded pow'r,
The ills of life they more than others know,
And sink beneath accumulated woe.



XV. FROM THE SAME.

How foolish they, who music's pow'r
Employ'd to adorn the festive hour,
And sought by its enchanting art
To add new pleasures to the heart!
But none e'er taught the notes to flow
To soothe the bitterness of woe,
The tempest of the mind controul,
And calm the discord of the soul:
These to allay, might well require
The softest music of the lyre.
Why, when the heart is tun'd to joy,
The useless melody employ?
Enough the joyous feast can please,
Nor needs the aid of arts like these.

XVI. ANACREON.



XVI. ANACREON, ODE 13.

I WISH to sing the hero's praise,
But love alone employs my lays;
My strings I vary'd, chang'd my lyre,
If diff'rent themes might chance inspire.

In martial verse I try'd to sing
The mighty son of Jove;
My lyre resounds from ev'ry string
The gentle notes of love.

In vain I other themes essay,
In vain I elevate my lay,
Alike my heart, my hand, my lyre,
The softer theme of love require.

Heroes farewell—No more my song
Of warlike deeds shall be;
Henceforth shall now my lays belong
Alone, O Love! to thee

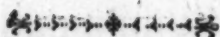
XVII. THE



XVII. THE PRAISE OF BEAUTY. ANACREON.

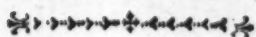
HORNS to the bull, hoofs to the horse,
Swiftneſs to hares, to lions force ;
To fiſhes fins to cleave the wave,
Birds wings to fly, kind nature gave ;
Courage and fortitude of breaſt
To man more noble than the reſt.
Their ſev'ral gifts to each aſſign'd,
What more remain'd to woman-kind ?
To her ſhe gave no ſword or dart,
But beauty to enthral the heart ;
Woman, poſſeſs'd of beauty's charms,
Needs not the aid of foreign arms,
Reſiſtleſs in her face and mien,
All yield to her as ſoon as ſeen ;
'Tis hers to tame the fierce and brave,
And make in turn the victor ſlave :
Whatever gifts to others fall
The pow'r of beauty conquers all.

XVIII. ANACREON.

XVIII. ANACREON. IMITATED FROM THE
GREEK.

How hard from loving to refrain,
How hard to bear the lover's pain,
But harder still than all, to prove
The pangs of unrequited love.
Nor worth, nor wisdom now avail
The fair one's bosom to assail;
'Gainst each accomplishment 'tis steel'd,
And only will to riches yield.
Oh! may the wretch be doubly curst,
Who taught the use of money first!
How, by his fatal art has he
Made friends and brothers disagree!
What wars, what slaughters we behold
For sake of this detested gold!
To gold, the source of ill to all,
We hapless lovers owe our fall,
Now beauty's charms are bought and sold,
And love is sacrific'd to gold.

XIX. FROM



XIX. FROM THE SAME.

IT happen'd that Cupid one day,
The urchin is heedless and young,
By a bee, while a-sleeping it lay
Unseen on a rose-bud was stung.

Then quick to Cythera ran he,
Exclaiming, Mamma, I'm undone ;
And a serpent, that men call a bee,
By his sting proves the death of your son,

Quoth Venus, Thou well may'st complain
Of the wound of the sting of a bee,
But think how much greater their pain,
Who are pierc'd through with arrows by thee.

H

FROM



XX. FROM ANACREON.

TO love I yield,—nor longer I
Th' unequal war with Cupid try ;
For when I once, with stubborn heart,
Secure of love, despis'd his dart,
The God, resolv'd to quell my pride,
His quiver fasten'd to his side,
And bent his bow, or bade me yield,
Or try the fortune of the field.
Arm'd as Achilles was of yore
A corset on my breast I bore,
Prepar'd with shield and spear in hand,
Or to attack him, or withstand :
Accouter'd thus, the field I sought,
And, to the god oppos'd, I fought ;
Cupid his darts began to ply,
I fear'd their force, and wish'd to fly ;
His darts all spent, when he had never
Another arrow in his quiver,
Enrag'd, himself a dart became
And swiftly glided through my frame.
The war of arms in vain I wage,
Within I feel the battle rage ;
Ah ! what avails or sword or dart
Against the foe within my heart ?

LOVE VERSES.



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LOVE is a passion necessary to the preservation of the species, and conducive to the happiness of the individual. In all polished countries women have been treated with a degree of regard proportionable to the advancement made in civilization: And, I believe, it will be found, that it is their influence chiefly, which has contributed to soften the manners, and sweeten the intercourse of life.—— In thus espousing the cause of women, the author espouses the cause of virtue. He, who entertains a proper opinion of the sex, will consider them in no other light, but that of reasonable companions, and faithful affectionate friends, who are formed to share the toils, and alleviate the distresses of life, to assist by the prudence of their counsels, to polish by the softness of their manners, and please by the sweetness of their endearments.

Love is a plant that can flourish only in a generous soil. It is a passion, which whoever has not felt is a stranger to the best feelings of our nature. It is a passion favourable to the exertions of genius,

and to the cultivation of all the amiable virtues. It is a passion, which in youth is particularly becoming, and to want which would indicate an incurable defect either of head or of heart.

Love has ever been a favourite theme of the poet, and to that character a Mistress has been deemed hardly less essential than a muse. The same ardour of feeling that inspires the poet constitutes the lover. The breast that is alive to the beauties of nature cannot be insensible to the charms of woman her fairest production; and the heart that is awake to every generous sentiment, and every kind affection, cannot be shut against love, which is at once the noblest and the tenderest of human passions.—Take away from poetry the strains of love, and you deprive it of its best theme: Take away from the poet the smiles of the fair, and you deprive him of his dearest reward. Without love a man may be a merchant or a courtier; nay, perhaps, the want of that passion is an obstacle removed to the successful pursuit of wealth and power;—but without love no man can ever be a poet.

LOVE

LOVE VERSES.



I. THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

WHEN God created earth and skies,
And nothing bade to being rise,
Last of the creatures of the earth,
Man from his hands deriv'd his birth :
To thee, said he, this earth I give,
And make thee Lord of all that live.
But man, supreme of all though crown'd,
No pleasure in dominion found ;
What is 't to him, that all obey,
If none there are to share his sway ?
Of all the world affords posselt,
He felt a void within his breast.
Man is alone, for him, God said,
Let's make an help,—and woman made ;
Thus Eve was to her husband giv'n,
The last and dearest gift of heav'n.

II. THE



II. VERSES ON MARRIAGE.

HAPPY whom married love unites
 In the same cares, and same delights,
 Who ease to each the load of woe,
 And bliss receiving, bliss bestow!
 Heav'n to each sex its gifts assign'd,
 That each it might to other bind;
 Thus made at first for one another,
 They're ever happiest together.
 A mind more brave, a body strong,
 Form'd to command, to man belong;
 To woman ev'ry charm of face,
 Of mind each soft attractive grace.
 Its gifts so equal nature gave,
 Men pow'r and women pleasure have;
 Man, woman to support, a friend,
 And a protector, to defend;
 Woman, domestic toils to share,
 To sweeten joy, and lessen care:
 What wisely was to each deny'd
 Was lib'rally to both supply'd.
 Love was implanted in each frame,
 But such a love, as each became;
 In man it burns with ardent fire,
 In woman melts with soft desire:

'Tis hers, when press'd by eager arms,
 To force to yield her willing charms,
 While thinking yes, to answer nay,
 And heighten bliss by sweet delay.



III. TO DELIA.

WHAT means this pain, that breaks my rest?
 This craving void within my breast?
 The busy haunts of men I fly,
 And heave the solitary sigh.
 In vain from books I seek relief,
 Nor even friends can charm my grief;
 Each pleasure sickens to my view,
 And I can only think on you.
 Yes:—It is love has seiz'd my heart,
 And you're the author of my smart,
 You caus'd the pains that I endure,
 And you it is alone can cure.
 Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
 My faithful mind still turns to you;
 Whatever distance may us part,
 You still are present to my heart.
 Yet, Delia, though so well I love,
 So much your favour wish to prove,
 By kindness I your heart would gain,
 And not your hand by force obtain;

Nor

Nor could be happy ev'n with you,
 Except that you were happy too.
 If you reject, within my breast
 My flame shall ever be suppress'd,
 And rather than offend your will,
 I'll bear contented ev'ry ill.
 If you approve,—still, through each day,
 I'll strive your goodness to repay,
 With you I'll ev'ry pleasure share,
 And soften or remove each care.
 A faithful heart is all I boast,
 I glory that to you 'tis lost:
 In merit others may excel,
 But none there are who love so well.



IV. TO THE SAME.

BRIGHT is thy form, and fair thy face,
 Thy look is love, thy motion grace;
 Yet, Delia, though these charms may please,
 I ne'er had lov'd so well for these.
 Thy manners gentle, temper mild,
 By slow degrees my heart beguil'd,
 By easy steps upon me stole,
 And unperceiv'd possess'd my soul.

Before

Before I knew my heart was gone,
Already it was all your own;
Unable now to break my chain,
Your willing captive I remain.



V. VERSES.

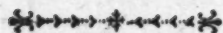
NO, Delia, 'tis not thy face,
Nor form that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might well awake desire.

Something in ev'ry part of thee
To praise, to love, I find,
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

No selfish passion moves my breast,
No higher wish I know,
Than, if I cannot make thee blest,
At least to see thee so.

If heav'n but happiness shall give
To thee,—content am I;
And as with thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

VI. VERSES



VI. VERSES.

WORN out with unavailing care,
Ah ! whither shall I turn !
No other rest remains for me,
But in the peaceful urn.

Nor pride, nor folly will insult
The tenant of the tomb;
Those, whose neglect abridg'd my life,
Perhaps will mourn my doom.

Perhaps my Delia will shed
A tear upon my grave,
And give that pity, when I'm dead,
She ne'er, when living, gave.

Dry up the unavailing tear,
And mourn no more for me,
My troubles were unpitied here,
I'm now from trouble-free.

But learn, ah learn, to lay aside
To others thy disdain,
And share the bliss to me deny'd
With some more happy swain.

VII. ON



VII. ON DELIA.

LET others boast their face or air,
 Delia's of ev'ry charm possesst,
 The fairest she of all the fair,
 Made up of ev'ry creature's best.

Describe her, whom you thus adore :—
 But how shall I her charms express ?
 Should I exhaust description's store,
 Words would but make her beauty less.

How much I feel, to those, who love
 I need not tell in labour'd strain ;
 To those, who have not learn'd to prove
 My feelings, I would tell in vain.

A mistress charms her lover's eyes,
 A mistress fires her lover's zeal,
 With beauties only he descries,
 With raptures only he can feel.

The colour in her cheeks might meet
 Its equal in the rose's bloom ;
 But ah ! her kisses far more sweet
 Excel the roses in perfume.

I

What

What is there can with her compare?
 Velvet is soft, and lillies white;
 But like her skin are lillies fair?
 Can velvet like her touch delight?

Though pleas'd, the music of the grove,
 And song of nighingales, I hear;
 Yet, like the voice of her I love,
 They ne'er can charm my list'ning ear.

Tell us what happy spot is blest
 With presence of a nymph so fair?
 Ah! could you look into my breast,
 She reigns enthron'd in beauty there!



VIII. VERSES.

I LOVE the ground where Delia treads,
 And eager oft repair
 To visit the delightful spot,
 Where once I met my fair.

The lov'd idea of her charms
 Is present still to me;
 Much rather had I think on her,
 Than other beauties see.

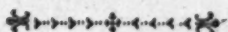
With

With her delightful presence blest,
I laugh at ev'ry ill;
When she is absent, to my joy
There's something wanting still.

When she is present, to her charms
I give up all my soul;
My eye is ever drawn to her
By strong but sweet controul.

She sometimes, in delicious dreams,
Appears my arms to bless;
How many waking hours I'd give
For such a dream as this.

Along with her to spend my life,
Is what I most desire;
Or, if the fates my wish deny,
Within her arms expire.



IX. VERSES TO DELIA.

FORTUNE, thy ills I could endure,
And singly be content, though poor;
Not for myself, for her I love,
I dread thy enmity to prove.

If all the world affords were mine,
 For Delia I'd all resign;
 What's all the world affords to me,
 Unless, my Delia, shar'd with thee?
 I value neither wealth nor state,
 Yet would for thee be rich and great,
 My treasures at thy feet to lay,
 And to thy charms due homage pay.
 Though pow'r and riches be deny'd,
 By love their want may be supply'd;
 My heart I give, nor think it small,
 Your heart alone to me is all:
 Nor could I, Delia, love you more,
 Though mistress of the Indies' store.
 No blessing like your smiles is dear,
 No evil like your frowns I fear;
 Ah! were I with your favour blest,
 To fortune I'd resign the rest.

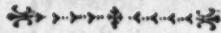


X. PANEGYRIC OF WOMAN.

WOMAN! of all the gifts of heav'n the best,
 Man without thee imperfectly were blest;
 Thou art that cordial drop his cup to crown,
 That makes life's nauseous draught go sweetly down.
 How could we thus with patience bear our toil,
 If not supported by thy fav'ring smile?

Pleasing,

Pleasing, when exercis'd for thee, is care,
And sweet the labour which thou deign'st to share!
Endur'd for thee, what difficulty's hard?
What danger great, when thou art the reward?
The man of bus'ness, in pursuit of wealth,
Can sacrifice his time, his ease, his health,
Yet at thy feet profusely pours his gains,
And thinks acceptance well repays his pains.
The glory long acquir'd in martial fields
The victor, captive to thy beauty, yields;
In vain he conquers the opposing foe,
Since doom'd from thee like fate of war to know,
And at thy feet submissive lay his arms,
The trophy of thy still more pow'rful charms.
To beauty's praise while poets tune the string,
They feel themselves the pow'r of charms they sing.
How much of ardour would their verses lose,
Had they no other mistress but the muse?
For seldom sing they by the muse inspir'd,
Who are not first by genuine passion fir'd.
This willing verse I give to female praise
In hopes that Delia's smile will crown my lays:
I give—I can't with-hold, to her belong
My heart and hand, the poet and the song.



XI. VERSES TO DELIA.

DEPRIV'D of fortune, doom'd to toil,
Yet ev'n amidst my care,
Consol'd and chear'd by beauty's smile,
The vot'ry of the fair.

However low my station be,
Yet beauty can inspire;
Thank heav'n, I still have eyes to see,
A heart I've to admire.

Thou, Delia, art my constant theme,
Or present, or away;
Through all the night of thee I dream,
Think of thee all the day.

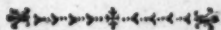
Ev'n when I'm most o'erpow'r'd with grief,
Still can thy looks impart
To all my woes a quick relief,
And pleasure to my heart.

How often I, with eager feet,
Through tedious paths have stray'd,
And thought, that thee at last to meet
Has all my toils repaid.

Nor think those joys unworthy be,
Which thus arise from sight;
When God gave eyes, he gave to see
All beauty with delight.

If 'gainst the charms we shut our eyes
That nature's scenes unfold,
In vain he bade these charms to rise,
If we will not behold.

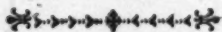
The mighty Maker's goodness best
We in his works can see;
And, Delia, goodness thus express'd,
I learn to love in thee.



XII. TO A YOUNG LADY, TO WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD FORMERLY ADDRESSED VERSES.

PERMIT once more an artless lay to send,
Forgive the author, and the strain attend.
More bright and lasting beauty would you find?
Then seek it in the graces of the mind:
Let blushing modesty its aid bestow,
And teach your cheeks with purer red to glow;
Let

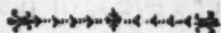
Let gentleness bid native smiles to rise,
 Dimple your mouth, and sparkle in your eyes;
 Let sympathy of the unhappy's woe
 Your bosom teach to heave, your eyes to flow;
 Most charming then the heaving breast appears,
 And brightest beam the eyes through pity's tears.
 Soon fades the face, but you by arts like these,
 Alike in age, as youth, shall boast to please;
 These shall confirm o'er willing hearts your sway,
 And flourish when the face and form decay.
 Such are the strains of one, who much admires
 Your charms, but more your happiness desires,
 Who, with a mind to selfish views unknown,
 While loving, loves you for yourself alone.



XIII. TO DELIA.

STILL wert thou present, only thee
 With ceaseless pleasure I could see;
 Can ought afford such high delight
 As beauty to the lover's sight?
 Like thine no form my eyes can charm,
 No other face my bosom warm;
 When absent, none can fix my eye,
 None else I see, when thou art by.

If present in my dying hour,
 So great is love, and beauty's pow'r,
 My closing eyes would thee survey,
 And gaze their parting look away.
 Looks are the language of the heart,
 And more than words express impart;
 'Tis only in his mistress' eyes
 The lover lives, the lover dies.
 Oh! could I only half so dear,
 As thou to me, to thee appear;
 However other eyes may see,
 Could I but pleasing seem to thee!
 Ah! let at least my passion move,
 I've nothing else to plead but love;
 Forbear thy pow'r of doing ill,
 And save the lover thou might'st kill.



XIV. TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY nature form'd love to inspire,
 To please the eye, the ear,
 Thy charms, thy music all admire,
 Who either see, or hear.

Thy face, where ev'ry beauty shines,
 The careless eye may seize;

Thy

Thy form, where ev'ry grace combines,
The nicest taste may please.

Thy music charms the dullest ear,
Who cannot judge must feel;
And even they transported hear,
Who add to feeling skill.

Thus doubly form'd to gain our love,
In whom such graces meet;
What wants there more the heart to move,
And make thy pow'r complete?

Let beauties of the face be crown'd
With beauties of the mind,
And harmony of soul with sound
Of accents sweet be join'd.

Thus thou the lover's eye shalt please,
The husband's heart shalt sway,
For beauty plac'd in charms like these
Can never know decay.



XV. VERSES.

TO thee, O Love ! my heart pertains,
Do thou thy vot'ry aid,
And teach, ah teach, my am'rous strains
To please a lovely maid.

'Tis virtuous love alone I sing,
Love of a noble mind,
Of ev'ry gen'rous deed the spring,
'Bove vulgar joys refin'd.

May no loose thought pollute my strain,
No doubtful phrase appear,
That might the purest bosom pain,
Or wound the chastest ear.

Forbid it, Heav'n ! that ought these lays
But virtue should impart,
Or I prefer dishonest praise
To purity of heart !

XVI. TO

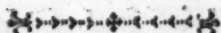


XVI. TO DELIA.

OF earthly bliss what most I wish to find
 Is the affection of a kindred mind,
 From fair to fair still ceaseless turns my breast,
 And seeks a love in which at last to rest.
 I boast not fortune's gifts, as little claim
 The splendour of a long-descended name;
 I only boast a heart with passion mov'd,
 That, loving, likewise merits to be lov'd.
 Say, Delia, say, could you for me forgo
 Of wealth the pleasure, and the pomp of show,
 These willingly resign, content to prove
 The humblest fortune with the man you love?
 Pleas'd in his pleasure, could you also share,
 And, by dividing, ease the load of care,
 His labours with your tenderness beguile,
 And cheer the frowns of fortune with a smile?
 Could you when most forsaken and distressed
 Then closest clasp him to your friendly breast?
 And to his woes, when hopeless of relief
 Afford the sympathy of mingled grief?
 When sick, could you submit my bed to tend?
 When dying, smoothe my passage to my end?

And

And to my mem'ry, when departed, true,
 My ashes with a tender tear bedew?
 Could you do this, what is there will not I
 With patience suffer, or with courage try?
 For you I'll bear to live, or dare to die;
 Life still will show, and death confirm me true,
 And my last thought shall be of love and you.



XVII. WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF AMO-
 ROUS POEMS.

WHAT though no fame the poet gains?
 Does fame deserve his care?
 Not unrewarded are his pains,
 If he shall please the fair.

To Delia my lays belong,
 Their constant theme is love;
 Enough if she attend the song,
 If she the theme approve.

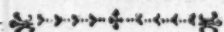
'Twas love that made me first a bard,
 From love my numbers flow,
 Nor claim I ought, as my reward,
 That Delia can't bestow.

K

How

How sweet from her a look a smile,
When once my labour's o'er;
It sooths the mem'ry of past toil,
And animates to more.

What would I do, what would I shun,
This sweet reward to gain?
For this can ought be toil that's done?
Can ought endure'd be pain?



XVIII. ON HEARING THAT DELIA WAS ENGAGED TO ANOTHER.

I THOUGHT to find in beauty's charms
The solace of my care,
And hop'd that fortune to my arms
At least would Delia spare.

But now the beauties of the fair
That oft inspir'd my song,
And joys I once had hop'd to share,
No more to me belong.

The muse's smiles in vain I prove,
Inspirers of my strain,

They

LOVE VERSES.

111

They only taught me how to love,
And teach me to complain.

Another shall behold the fair,
Whom I no more must see;
Another shall her favour share
Deny'd, alas! to me.

Those beauties, once that charm'd my sight,
I now must ever shun,
Nor more indulge the dear delight
By which I am undone.

Perhaps from absence wounds of love
At last may find a cure,
And time those ills it can't remove
May teach me to endure.

But love so dang'rous to my weal-
No time can e'er renew,
Nor shall I for another feel
What I have felt for you.



XIX. A FAREWEL TO DELIA.

AND must I, must I ever part
 From her I held so dear?
 And separate my constant heart
 From all it valu'd here?

As soon ye might of life deprive,
 As from my fair remove;
 Ah! rather bid me cease to live,
 Than bid me cease to love.

Thine, Delia, be a happier lot,
 Though mine be care and pain!
 How willingly I'd be forgot
 For some more worthy swain.

Ne'er may a hapless lover's sighs
 Be heard to grate thy ear,
 And ne'er the lustre of thy eyes
 Be fully'd with a tear!

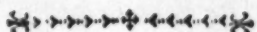
For me, alas! my sole delight
 Is lost in losing thee;
 Whom else can I, depriv'd thy sight,
 With equal pleasure see?

Farewel,

Farewel, my Delia, receive
 A lover's last adieu !
 May fortune one more worthy give,
 And, if it can, more true !

'Midst ev'ry future care, and pain,
 Still present to my heart
 Thy lov'd idea shall remain,
 Till death shall bid it part :

And even then my closing eyes
 Shall seem thy form to see ;
 The latest thoughts within that rise,
 Shall fondly dwell on thee.



XX. VERSES FROM A SAILOR TO HIS MISTRESS.

TOST on the wide expanse of sea,
 And far from any friendly shore,
 Alas ! between my love and me
 How many angry billows roar !

Yet even on the stormy main
 Thy image oft will intervene,
 The hope to see thee once again
 Dispels the horrors of the scene.

Loud rise the winds, the billows roll,
All tofs upon the tossing sea ;
But firmly-rooted in my soul
Remain the thoughts of love and thee.

Alternate billows fall and rise,
And fierce and loud the tempests blow,
And now we're mounting to the skies,
Now sinking in the gulph below :

And now in each successive wave
An instant death we fear to meet,
The parting sea unfolds a grave
That fearful yawns beneath our feet.

Yet if I reach the shore again,
Nor find myself by thee forgot,
With pleasure thus repaying pain
I'll prize the dangers of my lot.



XXI. WRITTEN ON TWO YOUNG LADIES, ONE
OF A FAIR, THE OTHER OF A BROWN COM-
PLEXION, WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO
MAKE SOME VERSES ON THEM.

SINCE, Ladies, you a song desire,
Pray how can I refuse !
Then, while your charms my theme inspire,
I'll straight invoke the muse.

But how within one song shall I
Your sep'rate graces praise,
While both of you delight my eye,
And both in diff'rent ways.

While, Miss, in you, the lillies find
A rival of their white ;
Of beauties of the olive kind,
You, Miss, are the most bright.

Your eyes mild lustre we admire,
Form'd softer love to draw ;
Yours shine with majesty and fire,
And strike with sacred awe.

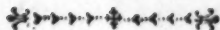
Now

Now of your shape and air :—in both
There is so much of grace,
That I to either would be loth
To give the higher place.

There's sweetness 'bout your mouths exprest,
I like in each so well,
That 'till I try which of them's best,
I never else can tell.

Now which most pretty, fair or brown,
Shall I at last declare ?
But, each so pretty, I must own,
Ye're both beyond compare.

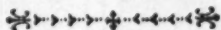
If, ladies, you approve my muse,
And would my song reward ;
I'm at your service,—either chuse,
And take the willing bard.



J E U X D' E S P R I T.

I.

YE, beauty's pow'r who feel, excuse
 The am'rous fallies of the muse:
 Permit the bard to soothe his pain,
 In mournful numbers to complain,
 Or feast his fancy with the charms
 Deny'd by fortune to his arms.
 At beauty's mark in vain may wit
 Aspire, for only wealth can hit,
 And, deaf to merit's slow approaches
 'Tis won by blockheads in their coaches.



2. TO A LADY CARESSING HER CAT.

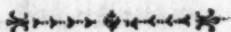
SAY, why your kisses thus bestow
 On one who can't their value know?
 Ah! lavish not that blifs in vain,
 Which I would gladly die to gain.

3. EXTEMPORE.



3. EXTEMPORE.

WOULD you from love escape? then beauty shun,
 For though we can't encounter, we may run;
 Who trusts himself to see it is undone.



4. THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

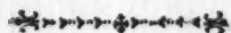
WOULD you, my friend, for-e'er remove:
 From all the pangs of hopeless love?
 Go—take the lover's leap, and break
 At once your passion, and your neck.



5. TO DELIA:

LAST night I dream'd you to my mind,
 As you are lovely; to be kind:
 Whether the dream be false or true,
 Depends, my Delia, on you.

6. TO



6. TO A COQUETTE.

EACH fickle art you try in vain
A constant breast to move;
For she who would be lov'd again,
Herself must learn to love.



7.

HENCEFORTH, Beauty, I defy thee,
Cease to triumph in my pain,
Let fopp'ry court, or riches buy thee,
Since I by loving cannot gain.

Though, true it be, no golden store,
No courtly manners I can boast,
Yet I've a heart I value more,
Nor shall it e'er in vain be lost.

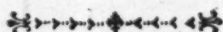
To her, who knows its worth to feel,
My heart I'll freely give away,
For love must fire with mutual zeal,
And only heart can heart repay.

8. TO



8. TO A LADY WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD FRE-
QUENTLY SEEN, WITHOUT AN OPPORTUNI-
TY OF ACQUAINTANCE.

OTHERS your charms may value more,
Your sense and worth I prize,
For, though to me unknown before,
I read them in your eyes.



9. TO DELIA.

DELIA, as nothing else I see,
When thou art in my sight,
When absent, still I think of thee,
And so am forc'd to write:



10. TO A LADY.

WHEN viewing those who're passing by,
Unmov'd you others see,
But sudden still withdraw your eye,
If chance it fall on me.

What

What shall I think? Can I or be
Object of love or hate?
From this suspense, ah! set me free,
And quickly tell my fate.



II. EXTEMPORE.

I HEAR the world exclaim, How small your wit!
Small too is my reward;—and so we're quit.



12. TO DELIA WITH SOME FLOWERS.

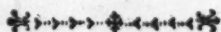
THESE flowers, my Delia, receive,
Though small the presents I can make,
Yet if my heart can value give,
Some value from my heart they take.

The roses red, the lillies fair,
Their lustre lose, when worn by you;
Nor rose nor lilly can compare,
At once so ruddy fair your hue:

L

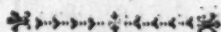
But

But though diminish'd thus their bloom,
 If they your lips shall chance to meet,
 They thence will borrow new perfume,
 And by your breath become more sweet.



13.

TO wish, yet know our wishes vain,
 And seek whom we despair to gain,
 The arts, by which undone, to prize,
 And love the wounds, by which he dies:
 The folly of this conduct prove,
 How short the answer is—I love!



14.

SLEEP! ruler of the midnight hour,
 Thy courted influence shed,
 With gentle, but resistless, pow'r
 Upon thy vot'ry's head:

Fancy, with soothing dreams inspire,
 To give repose its charms,
 And bring the nymph I most admire,
 My Delia, to my arms.

What

What ask I more? Let dreams like these
 Arise to Delia's view,
 And I her sleeping fancy please,
 That she may wish them true.



15.

I LOVE not her, however fair,
 With vanity who fir'd,
 Shows in her dress, her words, her air,
 The wish to be admir'd.

But her I love, of modest mien,
 Who no vain passion knows,
 Who never wishes to be seen,
 Or seen, with blushes glows.

Not her, who, with obtrusive air,
 Courts all who're passing by;
 But her, who beauty makes her care,
 To please her lover's eye.

In vain she seeks the breast to move,
 Who trusts to beauty's art;
 Give me, if you would have me love,
 A woman with a heart.



16.

ONCE as I sat in pensive fit,
To meditate a song,
The muse address'd me thus, Thy wit
Forbids thy life be long.

Nature alike is just to all
Their share of good to give;
To whom such early talents fall
Have seldom long to live.

But think not it shall be thy lot
A vulgar death to die;
No—fate decrees thee to be shot
With darts from Delia's eye.



A S O N G.

ALL ye who would wish to be happy for life,
Your happiness seek in the arms of a wife;
When Adam was made still something he wanted,
But his bliss was complete, when the woman was
granted.

Our dangers she sweetens, our labours she shares,
Our pleasures enhances, and lessens our cares,
To health and success gives the relish to please,
But comforts misfortune, and softens disease.

But since, when once marry'd, you're marry'd for life,
Let prudence and love guide your choice of a wife,
Let her not be unhandsome, tho' virtuous and wise,
Please chiefly the mind, but neglect not the eyes.

Thus her virtues shall lustre receive from her face,
And add to her beauty attraction and grace,
Her wisdom with prudence shall teach to advise,
And her counsels persuasion derive from her eyes.

All ye batchelors seek such consorts to find,
And ye husbands, who have them, be constant and
kind;
For they, who would wish to be happy for life,
Must happiness seek in the arms of a wife.

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SERIOUS PIECES.

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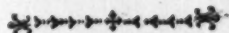
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P

SERIOUS PIECES.



I. ADDRESS TO HOME.

IN vain, with unremitting care,
In quest of joy we roam,
In vain we seek it ev'ry where,—
'Tis only found at home.

Dear home! of ev'ry joy the seat,
When all our toils are past,
We in thy undisturb'd retreat
Find happiness at last.

Yet, ah! how few who prize the bliss
Domestic scenes bestow,
Prefer to ceremony ease,
And happiness to show.

To

To fashion's arbitrary rules
 We sacrifice our ease;
 To gain the suffrages of fools
 Neglect ourselves to please.

Instead of nature's solid joys,
 We court the glare of art,
 And change for show and empty noise
 The pleasures of the heart.

Ah foolish man! at last be wise,
 Forfake delusive joy,
 That cheats the heart to please the eyes,
 And flatters to destroy.

Let honest nature be your guide,
 Its dictates still pursue,
 Nor e'er prefer, misled by pride,
 False happiness to true.



II. THE SEASONS COMPARED TO THE LIFE OF MAN.

How fair the early bloom of Spring,
 When verdure decks the grove,
 When ev'ry voice is tun'd to sing,
 And ev'ry heart to love!

Alternate

Alternate, Summer—Autumn—reign,
But, ah ! how quickly past;
And Winter with its gloomy train
Concludes the year at last.

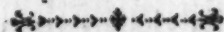
Thus in the changing seasons plan
The mortal fates appear;
An emblem of the life of man
Is found in ev'ry year.

In turn again the Winter yields,
Spring bids each waste repair,
Restores new verdure to the fields,
New fragrance to the air:

Nor rashly deem, that man is lost,
Though low in death he ly;
Who with a soul inform'd his dust
Forbade that soul to die:

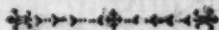
The Spring descending from on high
Again revives the tomb,
And man transplanted to the sky,
Eternally shall bloom.

III. VERSES.



III. VERSES.

UNHAPPY he, who's doom'd to wage
 Eternal war with fortune's rage,
 And with unceasing search of mind
 To seek the good he cannot find !
 In vain I happiness pursue,
 Yet ever the pursuit renew,
 And, as I found from all the past,
 Find disappointment still at last,
 Though bliss from earth we seek in vain,
 In thee, Religion ! hope we gain ;
 The good allow'd to man below
 'Tis thou alone that canst bestow.



IV. RELIGION.

UNFEELING sceptics, would ye wrest
 Their sole resource from the distress,
 And life of all the hopes deprive,
 For which alone we bear to live !

Religion !

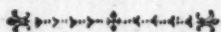
Religion, source of purest joy,
 That nothing earthly can destroy,
 For ev'ry ill that men endure
 To thee alone belongs the cure:
 Thou to the helpless poor art—wealth,
 To the diseas'd, expiring—health;
 Thou to the wearied soul art rest,
 And comfort to the grief-opprest,
 A guardian in each danger near,
 A present friend distress to cheer.
 When strong temptations thick assail,
 Our feeble virtue soon would fail,
 But aided by thy heav'nly pow'r,
 It stands in ev'ry evil hour,
 And from thy height secure looks down
 Alike on fortune's smile and frown.
 Without thee, what can mortals boast?
 Depriv'd of thee, our all is lost;
 For honour is—the fear of shame,
 And virtue but an empty name.
 When man transgress'd his Maker's law,
 His wand'ring God with pity saw,
 And though to human sin a foe,
 Compassionate to human woe,
 Religion as a guide and friend,
 He bade from heav'n to earth descend,
 To teach us for our sins to grieve,
 Our present suff'rings to relieve,
 And through life's dark and rugged road
 Conduct our erring steps to God,

M

Religion,

gion!

Religion, crown my ev'ry stage,
 My guide in youth, support in age,
 Still constant on my paths attend,
 Adorn my life and bless my end.



V. THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

DAY yields to night and night to day,
 Alternate, light and darkness sway;
 And varied seasons still appear
 Till winter terminate the year:
 The sun, at mid-day plac'd on high,
 At eve sinks in the western sky;
 The moon with borrow'd radiance shines,
 And likewise in her turn declines;
 Thus in each object of thy state
 Behold, O man! thy mortal fate.
 Morn gives back splendour to the day,
 Spring makes the gloom of winter gay;
 Again the sun his course pursues,
 Again the moon her light renews:
 But man like all around him dies,
 Like them to light no more to rise,
 Silent and dark in dust he lies;
 No spring shall bid our ashes bloom,
 No morn awake us in the tomb.

VI. THE



VI. THE TRIUMPH OF RELIGION.

DAY shall succeed to night no more,
 No spring shall winter's waste restore,
 The moon and stars shall fade away;
 And ev'n the sun himself decay;
 Whate'er we see, the earth, the sky,
 Shall in one gen'ral ruin ly;
 From nothing all arose, and all
 Again shall into nothing fall:
 Secure of death, the soul sublime
 Alone defies the wrecks of time,
 And, 'midst the ruins of its frame,
 From changes free, remains the same.
 Man know, howe'er defac'd by sin
 Thou hast a spark of God within,
 A spark of the eternal fire,
 That ne'er shall languish or expire;
 Man, know thyself secure of fate,
 Which waits all else of mortal state,
 To thee is an existence giv'n
 Coeval with the age of heav'n:
 The soul, freed from the chains of earth,
 Shall go to him who gave it birth,
 And through the tomb the passage lies,
 That leads to glory in the skies.

M 2

Lord,

THE

Lord, teach me, tenant of the earth,
 Humble in thought and speech to be,
 But mindful of my heav'nly birth,
 — To act as one ally'd to thee.



VII. THE DEITY.

EXALTED far above all height,
 Dwells the Supreme, array'd in light,
 Unchangeable his nature's frame,
 He ever was and is the same ;
 His being through all time extends,
 It ne'er begun, and never ends :
 No force to his is equal found,
 His mighty pow'r no limits bound :
 The heav'ns and earth his pow'r first made,
 And, at his word, again they fade.
 He, Nature's animating soul,
 Pervades, directs, supports the whole :
 In him alone all live and move,
 The creatures of his pow'r and love.
 Of each perfection, he possessest,
 And in himself completely blest :
 What needs he, then, of sinful man ?
 Avails him ought that mortal can ?
 Weak,—we on him must still depend,
 Erring,—and often we offend :

We

We dread him as he's great and just,
But, as he's merciful, we trust :
'Tis mercy that endears the plan
Of all his attributes to man.



VIII. VERSES TO A FRIEND UNDER THE PRES-
SURE OF MISFORTUNE.

ALAS ! how great and num'rous pains
The little space of life contains !
We think that happiness we've found,
Whilst dangers thick, unseen, are round.
Still on this stormy ocean tost,
Our darling schemes and wishes crost ;
Unable to allay our care,
We scarce can hope, nor must despair.
To all the same distresses fall,
And must be felt alike by all ;
Nor virtue in the human frame
Can from its ills exemption claim.
But see a nobler prospect rise,
To those, whom now affliction tries,
If firmly they support the load,
And humbly trust for aid to God :
Though now they with the storm contend,
They'll reach the haven in the end,

M 3.

And

We

And learn with gratitude to prize
The ills that led them to the skies.



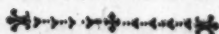
IX. DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL AND
JONATHAN.

This little poem reflects the highest honour on David's generosity, in which he so pathetically bewails an event, which promised him the greatest advantages, and from which alone he could derive security : he forgets every personal consideration in the feelings of the patriot and the friend.

ISRA' L ! how is thy beauty fled !
Alas, how are the mighty dead !
Ah ! don't in Gath, or As'klon tell,
How bravest chiefs in battle fell,
Lest the recital of our woes
Inspire the triumph of our foes.
Gilboa ! may no dew, or show'r,
Its genial influence on you pour !
For Isra'l there receiv'd a slain ;
There was the Lord's Anointed slain.
Thy bow e'er conquer'd in the field,
Nor knew'st thou, Jonathan to yield ;
Thou, Saul, gav'st not in vain the blow,
Nor turn'dst thou empty from the foe.

Illustrious

Illustrious pair ! alike renown'd !
Alike, in death, one fate you found !
Swift were ye, as the eagle's course,
And stronger than the lion's force.
Ye Isra'litish daughters shed
The tear for Saul, your monarch, dead !
'Twas once his care you to adorn,
His fall requires you now to mourn.
Alas ! how, in the fatal field,
Are Isra'l's mighty warriors kill'd !
Thou, Jonathan, art fallen too !
Dear partner of my heart ! adieu !
The gen'rous kindness of thy soul
Nor fear could damp, nor force controul :
Though try'd in many an evil hour,
Unwearied, and unchang'd its pow'r,
It glow'd more ardent, and refin'd,
Than strongest love to womankind.
Alas ! our arms yield to the foe,
And bravest chiefs in death ly low !



X. ECCLESIASTES, CHAP. VI. VER. 2,—6.

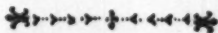
'TIS better to the house of woe,
 Than to the house of mirth to go;
 The lessons that its scenes impart
 Bring home instruction to the heart;
 'Tis there that feelingly we learn
 Our nature's frailty to discern,
 And in the ills of others see
 What we ourselves must quickly be.
 Folly's array'd in smiles, but tears
 Are oft the garb that wisdom wears;
 Though sad the countenance, the mind
 By virtuous sorrow is refin'd.
 Destructive is unhallowed mirth,
 It chains our nobler pow'rs to earth,
 But sorrow weans from earthly things,
 And from it lasting comfort springs.
 In pensive scenes that mend the heart,
 The wise delight to take a part;
 Deceitful joys allure the vain,
 That carry anguish in their train.
 Better to wise reproofs t'attend,
 That grieve us only to amend,
 Than folly's song, with empty noise
 That cheats us of substantial joys.

For

SERIOUS PIECES.

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For transient as the crackling blaze,
The burst of giddy mirth decays;
Its brightness vanishes in wind,
But leaves it nauseous smoke behind.



XI. 1 CORINTH. CHAP. IV. VER. 3--5.

ON human judgement I rest not my cause,
Injust's men's censure, worthless their applause;
Of others how shall they with truth decide,
Whom passion blinds, and prejudices guide?
But from God's judgement there lies no appeal,
His voice th' unalter'd doom of all will seal:
Then be not prompt to judge, till he appear,
The things of darkness he alone can clear;
Before him ev'ry heart shall naked ly,
And ev'ry secret meet his piercing eye,
Justice by him shall be to all decreed,
And due rewards confer'd on ev'ry deed.

XI. HEB.



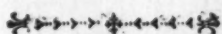
XII. HEB. CHAP. XII. VER. 1. 3.

SINCE then our conduct is descri'd
 By witnesses on ev'ry side,
 Above each cumbrous weight let's rise
 That clogs our passage to the skies,
 Ourselves with Christian vigour brace,
 And patient run th' appointed race,
 Looking to Jesus, who began
 And perfected salvation's plan,
 Who shame despis'd, and suff'rings bore,
 Encourag'd by the joy before,
 And, next the throne of the Most High,
 Now sits forever in the sky.
 When in affliction's path he trod,
 His footsteps sanctify'd the road:
 Let his example then restrain
 Your weariness, and soothe your pain.

VERSES 11th and 12th.

Afflictions present pain impart;
 But, while they wound, they mend the heart,
 The inward source of ill destroy,
 And train us up to future joy.

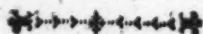
Do any in the trial fail,
And faint, when obstacles assail?
Confirm with prospects such as these,
The drooping hands, and feeble knees.



XIII. AN EVENING PRAYER.

FATHER of all, with sparing eye,
This day's iniquity pass by:
My past offences I deplore.
Enable me to sin no more.
Thou know'st my heart averse to ill,
Though impotent to do thy will:
Thy saving light and grace impart,
To guide and purify my heart.
Gladly, myself, and all that's mine,
I to thy providence resign;
Ev'n to my pray'rs what's ill deny,
What's good, although unask'd, supply;
All-wise art thou what's good to know,
All-gracious also to bestow.
Enable me to live, while here,
Devoted ever to thy fear;
And, when the space of life is past,
Receive me to thyself at last.

XIV. SUNDAY

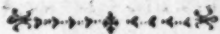


XIV. SUNDAY.

'TWAS on this day our Saviour rose
 Triumphant over all his foes ;
 This day our grateful songs we'll raise,
 And join to celebrate his praise.
 This day from labour gives release,
 And bids our cares and passions cease ;
 God claims our time as all his own,
 And we must live for him alone.
 First to the house of solemn pray'r,
 With decent steps let us repair,
 And tremble with a sacred awe,
 Whilst near to God himself we draw.
 This is his house,—thy ev'ry thought,
 And ev'ry word to him devote ;
 Far hence be ev'ry thought profane,
 And ev'ry wicked word, or vain !
 Let pious calm prevail around,
 For now we tread on holy ground.
 But hark ! the voice of praise I hear,
 That steals upon my ravish'd ear ;
 The sacred incense mounts on high,
 And breathes its odours to the sky.

What

What sacred raptures fire my breast!
 Sure God himself is now confest!
 What transports in my bosom swell;
 Can pen describe, or language tell?
 Say, infidels, boast ye a bliss,
 That bears to be compar'd with this?
 Without religion what remains
 In reason's eye, that's worth our pains?

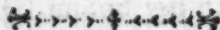


XV. A PRAYER.

LORD! first created by thy hand,
 And still by thee preserv'd, I stand;
 Wert thou but once withdrawn, my frame
 Would sink to nothing, whence it came.
 Yet, Lord, with shame I would confess
 That I have lov'd and serv'd thee less:
 How frail my best endeavours be,
 My services unworthy thee!
 No plea of mercy at thy throne
 Can I present, but guilt alone.
 My past transgressions, Lord forgive,
 And teach me, as I ought, to live;
 While here conduct me by thy grace,
 And bring me to thy holy place.

N

XVI. THE



XVI. THE VANITY OF LIFE.

AH! few and evil are the days of man,
 † How little to enjoy, or hope for, here;
 Yet ev'n within this life's contracted span,
 How much there is to suffer and to fear!

So soon as are the days of childhood past,
 So soon are all our pleasures gone away,
 For with the term of innocence they last,
 And with the term of innocence decay:

The joy and peace that crown'd our early day
 No future period shall again restore;
 How very soon, alas! they're gone away,
 When once departed, to return no more.

Love's feverish heats invade the youthful veins,
 And flatter fancy with imagin'd joy;
 But, dearly bought its pleasures by its pains,
 While future peace and virtue they destroy.

Ah! see the youth, to the unhallow'd flame,
 By passion long indulg'd, become a slave!
 Ah! see him stript of fortune, health, and fame,
 And sunk unpity'd to an early grave.

Dig

Dig we the mine of av'rice wealth to gain ?
Or, seeking honour, plow ambition's soil ?
How oft our labour's exercis'd in vain,
And disappointment is the fruit of toil !

Let heaps of shining riches swell our store,
Its highest dignities let pow'r bestow ;
Who is so rich as not to wish for more ?
Who is so pow'rful,—not to fear a foe ?

Can all the wealth, the pow'r, by kings possess,
Or from disease, or from misfortune, save,
Give to a troubled mind its wish'd-for rest,
Or rescue one poor victim from the grave ?

Why seek from earth enjoyment to attain,
Since ev'ry pleasure closes with a sigh ?
At last we're forc'd, when long we've sought in vain,
To own the folly of the search, and die.

But life, though short and evil it appear,
God gave not vainly, nor should we despise ;
For life, though short, if spent in virtue here,
Through evil leads to glory in the skies.

Religion, 'tis from life removes its gloom ;
Religion 'tis that smooths its rugged way ;
And points beyond the regions of the tomb,
To the bright mansions of eternal day.



XVII. TO A LADY FREQUENTLY SEEN BY THE
AUTHOR AT CHURCH.

THOUGH ever in your face and air
A thousand graces shine,
Yet most you charm engag'd in pray'r,
And almost seem divine.

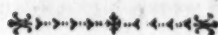
Can ought such lustre to the eye
As piety bestow?
Or, to the face can ought supply,
So beautiful a glow?

The bosom then most charming heaves,
When with devotion warm;
And piety to beauty gives
Its fairest—brightest charm.

Soon flies the colour of the face,
Soon fades the form away;
Religion shines with lasting grace,
And charms, that ne'er decay.

And when the charms that pleas'd us here,
Shall with their owner die,
Far brighter beauty you shall wear,
Unfading in the sky.

XVIII. TO



XVIII. TO A YOUNG LADY WHOM THE AUTHOR
HEARD SING AT CHURCH.

BLEST chantress, well may themes divine,
Demand such melody as thine,
Thee it becomes these notes to raise
With heart, as voice, attun'd to praise.
The careless ear thy voice can charm,
The coldest breast thy voice can warm,
And those, to whom before unknown,
Devotion's pow'r can teach to own.
When pious themes employ thy tongue,
We're charm'd, as if an angel sung,
In rapture lost, we seem to hear
The sacred music of the sphere,
And by the praise of earth is giv'n
To anticipate the bliss of heav'n.
The sky-ascending notes like these,
The bless'd inhabitants may please,
And angels, bending from their sphere,
The pious strains delight to hear.
O be it thine, above to raise
Thy voice in nobler songs of praise,
And with the harps of seraphs join
To celebrate the theme divine!

N. 3.

XIX. A.

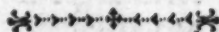
HE

TO



XIX. A PRAYER FOR CONTENT.

AH! teach me, Lord, to rest content
 With what thou hast already sent;
 And teach to trust I'll nothing want,
 But what thou see'st not fit to grant.
 May I approve, obey, thy will,
 And follow where thou lead'st me still,
 Dispos'd, as suits thy grand design,
 Or to receive, or to resign,
 My hours in health, in pain, employ,
 And patient suffer, pleas'd enjoy,
 Each world regard with equal eye,
 Content to live, prepar'd to die.



XX. A PETITION.

ENCOURAG'D by thy father's care
 Of human-kind, to thee I dare
 Humbly my God to pray;
 My wishes these, yet I submit,
 Whether thy providence thinks fit
 To give, or take away.

Subject

Subject me not to pinching want,
Nor yet excessive riches grant;
 But from thy lib'ral store
Give not what luxury may desire,
But reason, nature's claims require,
 Nor shall I ask for more.

While form'd to fear and fly from pain,
And loving pleasure seek to gain,
 Ah! don't my weakness blame;
If health, success, be found to please,
More than misfortune and disease,
 Such is my nature's frame.

If I might ask, I'd ask to send
A long-endear'd and trusty friend
 To guide and comfort life;
And more to render bliss complete,
And love with equal love to meet,
 A tender faithful wife.

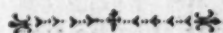
'Bove all I'd ask a frame of mind,
That's pleas'd with good, to ill resign'd,
 That knows each blessing thine,
And, while it freely can receive
Whate'er thy bounty deigns to give,
 As freely can resign.

Though other gifts may be deny'd,
Yet O be this alone supply'd,
 Without it all is vain;

Grant

When beauty, wealth,—their charms display,
I can't refuse to see:—
Though these may lead my eyes astray,
My heart belongs to thee.

Lord, teach me as I ought to live,
Or bid me instant die;
And, or on earth to serve thee give,
Or serve thee in the sky.



XXIII. AN ELEGY.

AH me! oppress'd with never-ending woes,
My hopes and wishes center in the tomb!
When shall I sink securely to repose,
And sleep encircled with its friendly gloom?

Long wish'd in vain, no more I wish for weal,
I only seek the rest of death to prove;
When I shall cease, forever cease, to feel
The wounds of fortune, and the pangs of love.

Soon, soon, I hope, that, to these closing eyes,
Its last kind office friendship shall bestow,
Convey me where my honour'd mother lies,
And bid my dust with kindred dust lie low.

Rank

Rank on my grave the matted grass shall grow ;
 The busy and the gay pass heedless by ;
 A parting tear, love,—friendship,—shall bestow ;
 And I at rest from all my troubles ly.



XXIV. TO PARENTS MOURNING THE LOSS OF
 AN AMIABLE CHILD.

PARENTS, wish not that he you mourn,
 So very good, had ne'er been born :
 Does it repent you, to have giv'n
 To earth a saint, an angel heav'n ?

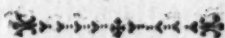


XXV. ON THE DEATH OF A YOUTH OF THE
 MOST PROMISING PARTS AND AMIABLE
 MANNERS.

AND art thou likewise gone away,
 Companion of my early day ?
 To the first friend my bosom knew
 Already must I bid adieu ?
 A vicious world's polluted air,
 Heav'n saw thee much too good to bear,

And

And took thee to a purer sky,
To flourish in thy Maker's eye.
The worth in thee so early found,
With merited reward it crown'd:
So soon of goodness thou possessest,
It but remain'd to make thee blest.



XXVI. TO THE MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR'S
MOTHER, WHO DIED DURING HIS INFANCY.

ALAS! 'twas never mine to share
A mother's love, a mother's care:
Thou'rt gone forever from my view,
Ere yet how great the loss I knew:
Yet, at the story of thy worth,
Th' involuntary tear starts forth;
And to thy grave I oft repair,
To mourn with filial duty there.
Ev'n now thou mayst thy son survey,
This tribute to thy mem'ry pay;
And to a name he holds so dear,
Give all, that now he can, a tear.
And, oh! may death at last restore
Thy son to thee,—to part no more,
And there thy son his mother know,
Whom yet unknown, he lov'd below.

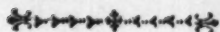
XXVII. VERSES.



XXVII. VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A LADY,
WHO DIED IN FRANCE; WRITTEN IN THE
PERSON OF HER HUSBAND.

SHE's gone! a foreign land contains
Her ever honour'd dear remains:
Pale are the cheeks where beauty glow'd;
And mute the tongue whence music flow'd;
Torn, in the height of all her charms,
From a fond husband's eager arms.
Could youth, or brightest beauty save,
She had not met an early grave;
Could worth reverse the gen'ral doom,
She'd boast exemption from the tomb.
But why for her should I complain,
Though mine the loss, yet her's the gain?
Too good for earth, heav'n bade her die;
And took her to her native sky.

XXVIII. ELEGY.



XXVIII. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG
LADY, A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

How oft, alas! life calls us to complain,
That all it gives, is giv'n but to decay!
How oft we're forc'd to mark in mournful strain,
Love, friendship, snatch'd, untimely snatch'd away.

A mother's loss requir'd my infant tear,
Ere yet how much in her I lost I knew,
That next was shed on early friendship's bier;
And now, my Anna, to thy grave is due.

Thy form so graceful, and thy beauteous face,
Of pow'r to gain the heart, and charm the eye,
Despoil'd of all their beauty, all their grace,
A senseless clod amidst the valley ly.

Ah! what avails thee, then, that once so fair,
Since all thy bloom is now for ever fled?
Can beauty bid the hand of fate to spare,
Or is it honour'd 'mong the silent dead?

All earthly goods to death resign their pow'r:
How vain the brightest charms that beauty gave!
O Nor

Nor can they comfort life's departing hour,
Nor reach beyond the mansions of the grave.

Thro' life's dark maze how cheerless we would stray,
Whose varied paths but lead us to the tomb,
Did not religion with its friendly ray
Enlarge our prospects, and dispel the gloom.

It tells, That pilgrims in this drear abode,
Far from our nature's bliss we're forc'd to roam,
And death is only the appointed road,
Again to lead us to our native home.

Let but a few short fleeting years be past,
When all the good, who liv'd on earth before,
Shall to each other be restor'd at last,
Again united, nor divided more.

When shall the happy period e'er arrive,
When I my mother, lov'd unseen, shall see.
And of the many friends, endear'd alive,
And dead, lamented, chiefly, Anna, thee?



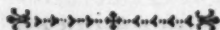
XXIX. ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
LADY.

YE fair in youthful charms elate
Come view this mournful bier,
And give to her untimely fate
The tribute of a tear.

Like you she once was young and fair,
Like you she once was gay;
To you remains her fate to share,
The victims of decay.

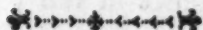
Boast not the brightness of your eyes,
Nor beauty of your form;
Bethink you now where Anna lies,
The sister of the worm.

Consider, ah ! how soon is past
The fairest brightest bloom,
And make those graces yours that last:
Alone beyond the tomb.

XXX. TO THE MEMORY OF THE UNFORTUNATE
CHATTERTON.

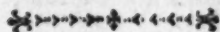
ILL-FATED youth ! hard was thy lot below ;
How few thy years ! yet, ah ! how full of woe !
How might thy genius have adorn'd our race !
How thy misfortunes ever must disgrace !
Just in its gifts to all, impartial heav'n
To thee had greatest good and evil giv'n,
From common mortals not distinguish'd less
By mind, than fate, by talents, than distress :
Wond'rous, but hapless boy, to thee we owe
Whate'er admiring pity can bestow.
Small were thy claims, but ev'n these claims deny'd,
Thy mind indignant spurn'd its lot, and dy'd ;
Resolv'd at once the worst of fate to brave,
And seek from want a refuge in the grave.
What though, unhappy boy ! thy sad remains
No rites attend, no hallow'd ground contains,
Yet pity shall bewail thy hapless doom,
And genius consecrate thy early tomb,
They, whose neglect destroy'd thee, now too late,
Shall praise thy merit, and lament thy fate.

XXXI. ON



XXXI. ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

LIKE some fair flow'r of tender hue,
That sinks, oppress'd with early dew,
That rises and that fades at morn,
And almost dies as soon as born:
Scarce granted to the light of day,
Ere snatch'd, forever snatch'd away;
For thee, become but newly dear,
Already parents shed the tear.
Happy, who life with honour spend,
Or meet, like thee, an early end!
Next to a life in virtue spent
Is death of one so innocent.



XXXII. VERSES ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. MR
LOGAN.

IS LOGAN dead? and shall no lay
Due honours to his mem'ry pay!
Shall he, on friendship's tomb who sung,
Himself inspire no tuneful tongue?

O 3

Sweet

Sweet was the music of thy strain,
And strong thy eloquence in vain;
Nor these could from misfortune save,
Nor rescue from an early grave:
Cold is the breast that genius fir'd,
And mute the tongue the muse inspir'd.
Thou'rt happy;—yet remembrance vain
Would still awake the plaintive strain,
And, while thy merits rise to view,
Recalls thy griefs and suff'rings too.
Thy frame, alas! disease opprest,
And anguish prey'd upon thy breast:
Ah! hapless living was thy doom,
And short thy passage to the tomb!
All ye, whose breasts with ardour burn,
Or melt with pity, weep his urn;
He keenly felt the sacred glow,
And gen'rous pity'd others woe.
And, ye censorious, cease to blame
What rather should your pity claim;
Perhaps your errors may be less,
But felt ye e'er like him distress?
O may thy wishes form'd below
At last their full completion know,
To sleep in death in pious rest,
And rise to mingle with the blest!

XXXIII. AN ELEGY.

YE joys of youth, no longer ye can please,
The canker care preys on my vernal bloom,
My frame declines by flow, but sure disease,
And nature marks me for an early tomb.

Though short my life, yet I have learn'd to die,
Nor dread the prospect soon to be no more;
To love, to friendship, let me give a sigh;
'Tis done—the parting conflict now is o'er.

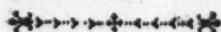
Who saw me once, when they shall cease to see,
Will not remember that they e'er had seen;
When once no more, how quickly shall I be
Fore'er forgotten, as I ne'er had been.

Nor sun nor skies will change their chearful hue,
Flow'rs finell less sweet, or fields appear less gay,
Nor less their sports or bus'ness men pursue,
Though I'm from earth untimely snatch'd away.

Yet happily those, who knew my early days,
Who witness'd how I wish'd, and how I try'd,
Will not withhold the tribute of their praise
To what I'd been had life its space supply'd.

And

And friends will to the mem'ry give a sigh
 Of one whom they esteem'd and valu'd here,
 And Delia, dearer still, when wand'ring by,
 Will on her lover's ashes drop a tear.



XXXIV. EPITAPH.

THE spot in which this youth is laid,
 Let no unhallow'd foot invade :
 Who early worth revere
 Will not this tomb unmark'd pass by,
 Nor yet refuse to give a sigh
 To him who's buried here.

For deeply in his youthful breast
 Was learning's sacred love imprest,
 And glory's ardent flame ;
 Success though wishes can't command,
 If labours may some praise demand,
 That praise he well may claim.

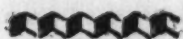
A heart he had to friendship dear,
 And to misfortune due a tear ;
 But most of all he lov'd
 One tender nymph with constant heart,
 With passion pure, and void of art,
 And by that nymph approv'd.

His

His failings lean'd to virtue's side,
Of independence honest pride,
Contempt of sordid gain,
Of follies of the rich and great,
Th'unmeaning pomp of idle state,
And fopp'ry of the vain.

Though humble, honest was his name,
He fear'd not poverty, but shame:
To act a worthy part
Was still his aim, unknown to prize
The little arts, by which men rise,
He liv'd to his own heart.

Perhaps the friends, who lov'd him here,
Upon his tomb may shed a tear:
Ah! spare, I pray, your woes;
His virtues now, unmix'd with stain
Within God's bosom safe remain
Forever to repose.



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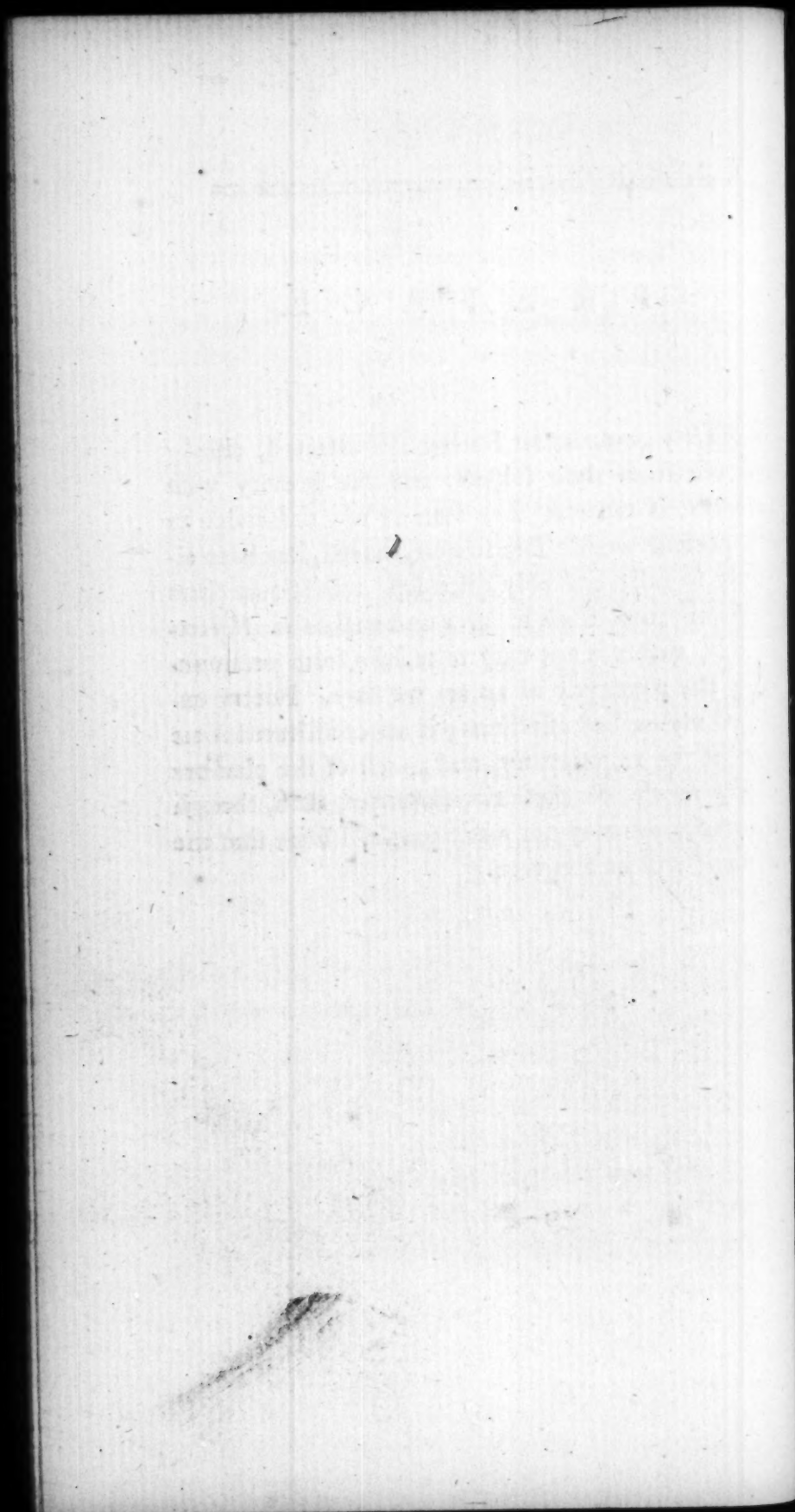
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REMARKS ON POETRY.

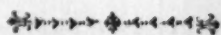
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P R E F A C E.

THESE remarks on Poetry are inserted, chiefly because from their subject, and the brevity with which it is treated, they seemed not unsuitable to the present work. The subject, indeed, has been already so fully and ably discussed, that it may seem presumptuous in me to have undertaken it. My excuse is, that it is not easy to refrain from pronouncing the panegyric of an art we love. Poetry engaged my earliest affections; it has constituted some part of the employment, and much of the pleasure of my youth. In these circumstances, then, though the execution may not merit praise, I hope that the attempt will be forgiven.



REMARKS ON POETRY.



THERE is no species of composition more ancient than Poetry. It is to be found in the earliest periods, and the rudest nations. Other arts are formed by slow degrees, and arrive at perfection by successive discoveries; this alone, neither at first requires labour of invention, nor afterwards admits of further improvement. Hence we may learn that poetry is natural, and that a taste for it is an original principle of the human constitution. When the mind is agitated in an extraordinary degree, it is not barely content with informing others, that it feels, but seeks to express these feelings in language adequate to the effects which they produce upon itself, and fitted to produce the same feelings in them. It is here that the imperfection of ordinary discourse is perceived, and that the mind, at a loss for words to describe the sensations which it wishes to convey, endeavours to paint them by images drawn from surrounding objects. There is a melody natural to the ear, and the voice of animated description, of per-

suasion, and of intreaty is generally accompanied with a sort of unstudied harmony: Hence the origin of poetical numbers. Thus we see, that the language of poetry is not less natural than its feelings. Nor need we then wonder, that the rudest and most remote periods of society have been favourable to poetry. The manners are then pure and unadulterated. In a savage state men are alike incapable of restraint and disguise. They feel strongly, and express whatever they feel, with the same force with which they conceive it. The objects with which they are conversant are few, and being continually present make a deeper impression. Their language is scanty, and they have no words for abstract ideas. Hence their conversation consists almost wholly of allusions drawn from surrounding nature. They do not describe,—they paint; and, without waiting to convince the judgement, they interest the heart.

HOMER is not only the earliest, but the best of poets; and our countryman Shakespeare, who owed but little to study, displays more knowledge of nature, and more command of the passions, than perhaps any author who has ever written.

WHAT next to the antiquity of poetry seems worthy of remark, is its Extent and Power.—There is hardly any part of the natural or moral world which has not been represented and embellished by numbers. The eye of the poet surveys the range of the universe, and from its exhaustless stores selects
whatever

whatever is fitted for his purposes. He delights in describing whatever awes by its sublimity, pleases by its beauty, or surprises by its novelty ; and such are the charms of the description, that the feelings which the sight of the objects themselves suggested are again renewed, stript of whatever interrupted them, and accompanied with every circumstance that can add to their effect. We see the sublime without the mean, the beautiful without the disgusting, and the new without the extravagant. The poet presents us with nature, but it is nature adorned. We own the justice of the description, while we are surprised, that it gives us a pleasure, which the presence of the object could never afford us. We see beauties which we had not before observed, but which, when once pointed out, we wonder had escaped our notice ; and we feel emotions to which we were formerly strangers, but which, when taught to feel, we acknowledge to be natural and pleasing. He transports to fairer regions, where every gale blows with sweeter fragrance, where every field is cloathed in more beautiful verdure, and every stream flows in softer murmurs. All nature smiles around us, nor can we refuse to partake in the general joy. We bless the hand of the poet, that thus raised the sweet illusion ; even while we know that it is not real, and cannot be lasting, we feel its power, and yield to its influence, and are indebted to him for a degree of pleasure, which the mingled scenes of life could never have afforded us.

NOR does the poet's eye merely survey the appearances of nature; it pierces the heart. He traces its most intricate windings, and unfolds its most secret recesses. He perceives those nicer features of character which escape the vulgar. He is perfectly acquainted with the different effects which the passions produce, and the variety of appearances which they exhibit. He is, as it were, admitted behind the curtain of nature, and sees the secret springs which move the wheels of action. Poets are the best teachers of character; we not only own the truth, but we feel the force of their instructions. As they represent objects of pleasure, distress, or danger, we are affected with emotions of joy, of pity, or of terror. In our own bosom we find the originals from which they drew.

THERE is perhaps no class of men whose labours have done so much honour to the countries that produced them as the poets. It may be affirmed with confidence, that Greece and Rome owe more of their glory to Homer and Virgil, than to Alexander and Cæsar. There are no writers whose works are more independent of the circumstances of place and time; they are every where read with equal pleasure, because they are addressed to those feelings of our nature, which are every where the same.— Their fame also is more pure, for it is not founded upon the prejudice of one age or country, but confirmed by the consent of distant periods and remote nations.

nations. Time, which impairs, and at last obliterates the fame of others, only increases the reputation of the poet. His powers of pleasing are sanctioned by the testimony of ages ; nay, his works are regarded with greater admiration, on account of the length of time during which they have been admired : Like an old building that retains all its original strength, and has become only more venerable by years.

BUT there are, who, from confined views of the subject, deny the utility of poetry, and regard it merely as an ornamental part of learning. Such show their ignorance of the human mind. Imagination, that faculty with which poetry has to do, holds a middle rank between sense and intellect. Men in a rude state are at first entirely occupied with the care of procuring subsistence ; when the means begin to be acquired with more ease, and possessed in greater abundance, the faculties of the mind by degrees display themselves. Imagination first makes its appearance, and the charms of poetry naturally engage the attention of those who are just emerging from total barbarity. Their minds are not capable of comprehending a chain of reasoning ; they must be made to feel ; they are not to be induced to study by the advantages of knowledge, they must be allured by the pleasures of harmony. Their legislators, their priests, and historians, are all poets. The education of the children consists in committing to memory the verses in which are contained their laws and religion, which could not otherwise be preserved. Thus
from

from poetry their first ideas are acquired. Allured by the pleasantness of the prospect which it presents, they insensibly advance in the path of learning, till a wider field opens to their view, and new motives arise to stimulate their pursuit. But poetry is the first step of the progress; and to climb the hill of science, it is necessary that we should first pass through the bowers of the muses. There alone we can receive the refreshments which are requisite to enable us to support the fatigues of the journey. The pursuit of knowledge, when we have once begun it, we may be induced to continue by the desire of truth, but can be engaged to commence only by the desire of pleasure.

WHAT was it that so much retarded the progress of improvement in the dark ages? Was it not that instead of first exercising their talents on poetry, they at once engaged in the most abstract inquiries; and, not being properly prepared, wasted their ingenuity on points which they could not solve, and the solution of which, had it been practicable, would have been of no advantage. Nor were they able to extricate themselves from the mazes in which they were involved, till the perusal of the antient classics inspired them with a juster taste, and pointed out the natural track of study.

BUT the utility of poetry does not cease, even when men have made advances in refinement.—Young minds are commonly fond of it, and their
taste

taste for it, if indulged under proper limitations, may be rendered subservient to their improvement. Nothing is more absurd, than to expect that the young should relish studies entirely foreign to their time of life. To give them habits of attention, attention must at first be presented with agreeable objects. For this purpose there is no study better suited than poetry, as it is a study of which they are fond, and which their powers enable them to cultivate with success. The feelings are then warmest, and the imagination most lively. Life is new, and every thing appears tinged with the gay colours of fancy.— Youth is the poetical period of life; and why should the young be denied to taste the sweets of poetry? It will prevent their application, you say, to more serious and useful studies. But may not these be better cultivated afterwards? Every period has its own powers, and subjects suited to the exercise of these powers. And why should not youthful fancy be allowed to sport itself at the foot of Parnassus, or on the banks of Helicon? Does fancy in youth afford any indication of defect of judgement in more advanced years? Or rather, is not fancy what we wish to see in youth, and what affords the most favourable prospect of the future maturity? It is only by the flowers of spring that we can anticipate the fruits of autumn. I do not mean, that a taste for poetry should be encouraged in the young, or cultivated exclusively of other objects; I only contend, that, where such a taste is, it should not be checked or repressed. I do not say, that such a taste would
be

be equally useful to all. To those engaged in the drudgery of business it would be highly hurtful, by inspiring them with inclinations which their situation would not allow them to gratify. With regard to such, the argument that has so often been used against poetry may indeed apply, That mines of gold or silver are seldom found in Parnassus. But this illiberal method of reasoning ought not surely to affect the education of gentlemen and scholars. In gentlemen a taste for poetry is an elegant and graceful accomplishment.

Those who have afterwards made the greatest figure in the abstract parts of learning have set out with poetry. Poetry inspires that enthusiasm of knowledge, without which any high degree of eminence is seldom attained. They, who have once tasted the sweetness of the Castalian stream, cannot be satisfied, till they have quenched their thirst at the fountain-head of science.

POETRY, thus favourable to knowledge, is equally friendly to morality. The works of the poets abound with those sublime and generous sentiments which form the patriot and the hero. The feelings of true poetry are the best feelings of our nature in their most exalted state; and from him who is a stranger to their influence, nothing in life either great or amiable can be expected. These feelings by men of the world will be termed enthusiastic, but even the enthusiasm of virtue is respectable. In youth,

youth it is becoming. The passions at that time of life are always warm; and it is of consequence that they should be engaged on the side of virtue.

BUT what proves the beneficial tendency of poetry is, that it has flourished only in the freest and most virtuous states. It is a plant which grows best in the soil of liberty; and, though it may, to a certain degree, be fostered in an arbitrary state, will never attain its native vigour and maturity. The mind depressed by slavery cannot soar on the wings of fancy. The breath of the muse keeps alive and cherishes the sacred flame of freedom. The strains of the poet inspire the generous sentiments of patriotism and courage, which constitute the sole support of a free state; and the deeds of the patriot and hero furnish to the poet a subject fitted to rouse and exercise his powers. The patriot and the hero seek no other reward but glory; a reward which only the poet can bestow. When the spirit of poetry is lost, when the reward which it confers is no longer valued, the pursuit of excellence, it is to be feared, will be neglected. Thus closely connected is public virtue with a taste for poetry. Liberty and the muses flourish and expire together. The sentiments of poetry are too generous to be felt, its pleasures too refined to be relished by a slave.—Thus much for the dignity and utility of poetry.

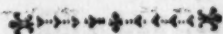
WE shall conclude with considering it as a source of pleasure. There is no enjoyment more highly
delightful

delightful to its possessor, or less hurtful to society that what is derived from a taste for the fine arts, at the head of which poetry is deservedly ranked. Poetry at once gratifies the ear, amuses the fancy, and interests the heart: It unites melody, imagery, and sentiment. He who has a mind stored with poetical ideas enjoys the beauties of the universe with a relish unknown to others. Those passions, which in the vulgar are coarse and uneasy appetites, poetry refines into delicate and agreeable sensations. But, indeed, it is unnecessary to prove the pleasures of poetry. Its opposers are they only who are entirely occupied with the pursuit of gain, or of sensual gratification, and whose ideas do not rise above the ground upon which they grovel. Such have not leisure to attend to poetry; nor, if they had leisure, would they be able to relish beauties which they do not feel. These are the enemies of poetry; nor is it a small praise to have enemies like these. Among its friends it ranks not only the bravest, the wisest, and the best, but all who retain uncorrupted the feelings of nature.

I SHALL only add a remark, that establishes poetry upon the highest authority: Religion itself does not disdain to borrow its aid. He who has granted us such means of improvement as are suitable to our present state, has allowed us to employ poetry to raise our devotion and enflame our gratitude. Poetry, indeed, can never be employed for a nobler purpose than to celebrate the divine perfections.—

There

There is no act of the mind more sublime than praise; there is no exercise that has a greater tendency to elevate our minds, and prepare them for that higher state of existence to which we are taught by our religion to aspire.



VERSES ON PAINTING, MUSIC, AND POETRY.

YE pow'rs of painting, music, song,
To you my highest lays belong,
Illustrious progeny of art,
That charm the senses and the heart.
And first, let Painting take her stand,
Assume her pencil in her hand;
To form the colours learn to flow,
To breathe with life, with passion glow;
They from the canvas seem to break,
About to move, about to speak:
Admiring we the work survey,
And gaze,—and gaze the soul away.
But hark, what pow'r of sacred sound,
What harmony is heard around!
While music's notes upon me steal
What transports, what delights I feel!
Its strains are soothing, soft and slow,
And melt the soul to tender woe:—

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But

But raise a bolder sprightlier strain,
And all the soul is rous'd again :
Music ! we own thy pow'r excel
Alike the breast to sink, or swell.
But all that charms in sense or sound,
In Poetry alone is found ;
Whate'er the fancy can delight,
Or move the heart, in thee unite.
Painting from eyes, and music draws
From ears its merited applause ;
But poetry, a nobler art,
With force resistless sways the heart.
The painting fades before the eyes,
Upon the ear the music dies ;
But poetry defies the rage
Alike of accident and age ;
Above the painter's or musician's fame,
High in the lists of praise is rank'd the poet's name.

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.



THE Periodical publications hold a distinguished place in the annals of British literature, both on account of their number and excellence. If I mistake not, the merit of that form of writing is peculiarly our own; and the encouragement it has met with reflects honour on the national taste. Its advantages are many and important. Its utility extends to all, as its subjects are of a general nature, and the manner suited to every capacity. While it amuses the learned, it informs those who have not leisure or inclination to consult larger works, or who want ability to follow a long and intricate train of reasoning. To the young and the fair it is particularly addressed; the size allures their attention, the manner gratifies their taste, and the moral instructions contribute to their improvement.

THE first periodical paper was the Tatler. This performance has by no means regard as classical. Some

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good articles indeed there are, those furnished by Addison, but the number is comparatively small.—The motley humour of Steele attracted the notice of his own times; but his works are deficient in point of dignity, and are neither recommended by the elegance of the style, nor the depth of the matter. His reflections are shallow, his diction careless and embarrassed. He is, however, entitled to no small degree of praise, both as the inventor of this form of writing, and as having conducted it in such a manner, as secured succeeding attempts a favourable reception from the public.

THE Tatler was followed by the Spectator; a work which, on account of the variety of its subjects, and the skilful manner of treating them, is deservedly reckoned a standard production. It is one of the books with whose perusal we are never tired, and from which we always rise with fresh information or delight. Not that all the papers are equally excellent; but those of Addison possess such a degree of merit as counterbalances the defects of the others. The easy humour he displays in some, and the becoming gravity he assumes in others, are equally admirable. With what delicacy he lashes the follies of the times, and with what propriety he inculcates the duties of life! His writings are of the small number of those that may be put into the hands of youth without danger, and that are equally calculated to promote learning and piety, to form the style, and improve the heart. Other authors we
praise,

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praise, Addison we love. The virtues he taught in his writings, he exemplified in his conduct.

AFTER the Spectator was published the Guardian; of which it is only necessary to say, that it is a continuation of the former.

THE authors of the World ridicule with great success the fashionable follies. The satire is polite and easy; the stories natural, and told with humour. The gentlemen concerned in this publication were too well-bred, and too much acquainted with the manners of the age, to attempt to reform it by dry lectures or severe invectives. They endeavoured to render vice and folly ridiculous: What they wished they performed. The World will always be read with pleasure by those who relish the charms of easy composition and delicate raillery.

THE Rambler is a work of a very different kind. The language is elevated, and the sentiments grave and plaintive. If ever Johnson smile, it is the smile not of good-humour, but of contempt. Whatever character he assume, he himself is still discernible. The most common occurrences are described with the same pomp of language, and the remarks everywhere partake of the same swollen dignity. The Doctor never descends from his stilts, never expresses his thoughts like ordinary men. He indeed possesses great powers of language; his periods are harmonious, and his expressions forcible: but we meet

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with

with no variety; his sentences are cast in the same mold, and one strain of thinking prevails throughout. The same sound recurs on the ear, the same feeling arises in the mind. The Doctor viewed life with a jaundiced eye, to which every object appeared discoloured. We grow weary of complaints incessantly repeated, though enforced by the powers of reasoning, and adorned with the charms of eloquence. Besides, the continued blaze of language, though at first it raise admiration, does not fail to fatigue attention. Excess of light dazzles the eye, but cannot be long beheld with pleasure. We do not praise the picture that is overspread with one indiscriminate glow of colouring, but that in which light and shade are judiciously blended. I have been more particular in pointing out the faults of Johnson, as his merits might be apt to mislead imitation.— Strength of reasoning, dignity of sentiment, and force of language, he must be allowed to possess in an eminent degree. The morality with which the Rambler abounds is particularly excellent, and deserving of the highest praise; his learning and eloquence are invariably exerted in the cause of virtue and religion. And let it be remembered, that he has the additional merit of having alone and unassisted conducted a work, which had before been only accomplished by united efforts; whilst, at the same time, he was engaged in compiling his dictionary, a task difficult and tedious, and to which his inclination rendered him averse.

THE

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THE Adventurer is a work useful and entertaining. It abounds in stories at once adapted to amuse the fancy, and improve the heart. It possesses that variety which enlivens curiosity and relieves attention. The tales of Hawkesworth, the morality of Johnson, and the criticisms of Warton, form an elegant, pleasing, and instructive miscellany.

It seems to have been the object of the authors of the Connoisseur to make their readers merry. In the choice of their subjects they consulted the bent of their genius, and the taste of the age. Contemporaries with Johnson they adopted an opposite style of writing. They rather studied to amuse than to instruct, to ridicule folly than to condemn vice. The subjects are light, and the manner suitable to the subject. It is deficient indeed in point of dignity, but has that kind of merit which the authors wished to give it; and the topics of their ridicule, though themselves of a temporary nature, will derive permanence from the wit with which they are treated.

In this part of the island have been lately published two papers, the Mirror, and the Lounger, with a success that only the event could have rendered credible. They possess reasoning, sentiment, and humour, and do honour to the ingenuity and feelings of their authors. They are not, however,
works

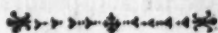
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works for the many; the strokes are frequently too nice to be perceived by vulgar eyes, the sentiments too delicate to be felt by ordinary minds. It may appear to be pronouncing my own panegyric, when I say, that I have read them with the highest pleasure; accompanied, I must confess, as a Scotsman, with a mixture of pride.

ON

THE SEXES.

A FRAGMENT.



WHEN Man first came from the hands of his Creator, complete in all his faculties, placed in a state of innocence, and surrounded with objects of enjoyment, still something was wanting to his happiness. In vain nature smiled around him, in vain presented him with her choicest productions. In vain the tribes of living creatures were subject to his sway. He had no companion, along with whom he might contemplate and admire the beauties of nature. The brightness of the sun, the fragrance of the breeze, and the melody of the grove, conspired to charm him in vain. These are addressed to the senses, and in the senses they rest; it is only by means of sympathy they can reach the heart. Pleasures, that were confined merely to himself, could not long delight one who was formed to love and to be loved. His Maker deferred gratifying him.

him with what was most congenial to his nature, that by feeling its want he might learn to estimate its value. In woman he gave his last and best gift, without which all the others were tasteless and insipid. Her smile brightens the face of nature, refines the pleasures of sense, improves the degree, and heightens the taste of enjoyment. We feel then the sweets of power, when we have one with whom we may share it; and we are put on exerting our faculties to obtain the approbation of her whose favour is necessary to our happiness. If at first, without woman, bliss was imperfect, in our present condition, without her, our misery would be unallayed indeed. She not only enchances our joys, but alleviates our sorrows. We submit to labour without repining, that we may lay its reward at her feet. Cares, in which she is a sharer, cease to be irksome. What suffering is too hard to be borne, what danger too difficult to be encountered for the woman we love! Without her we cannot be perfectly happy, with her we cannot be altogether wretched.

If man be superior in strength, woman is no less distinguished by beauty; if he can awe by dignity, she can melt by softness; and, if his be the manly virtues, hers are the softer graces. The very conformation of their natures points out that they were made for one another; and it is only in union that they are susceptible of their highest excellence and felicity. Man supports the feebleness of woman;
woman

woman softens the ferocity of man. He possesses the means of happiness; she directs them to effectuate their end. When strength is adorned by beauty, and beauty protected by strength; when dignity is tempered with softness, and softness blended with dignity; when virtue is rendered amiable by grace, and grace respectable by virtue; then surely a character is produced the most perfect, and such a character can only be formed by the union of the sexes. Without this union what constitutes a virtue will become a defect, and what has a tendency to promote happiness will produce misery.—— Marriage, thou chief ingredient of pleasure, thou best support of calamity, without thee our joys are imperfect, our distresses hopeless! Thy restraints are not painful, thy obligations are not heavy. It is love that binds thy ties, and alleviates thy cares, that renders thy restraints preferable to freedom, and thy cares sources of pleasure. Thy ties may be despised or violated, but not with impunity. Folly, aiming at wit, may ridicule thy salutary restraints; and lust, alike regardless of religion and humanity, may violate thy purity, and disturb thy peace: but the wise will ever approve, and the virtuous revere thee. The institution of God, thou bearest in thyself the marks of thy Author, and art calculated to promote the best interests of our nature. — —



A
DISSERTATION
ON THE
BEST METHOD
OF
PREVENTING AND PUNISHING CRIMES.

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147 148

DISSERTATION, &c.



THERE is a principle implanted in the mind of man, formed to ascertain the boundaries between right and wrong. Nor does this principle merely direct; it approves and condemns, it rewards and punishes. It speaks peace to the innocent, and terror to the guilty; it gives its relish to prosperity, and its sting to misfortune. The good may be unfortunate, but cannot be wretched; the vicious may be prosperous, but cannot be happy. Conscience in a great measure rectifies the inequalities of our present state, while it clearly points out that perfect retribution which will finally take place under the Divine administration. Were this principle perfect, no other guide or motive of human conduct would be requisite. But, alas! it partakes of the imperfection of our nature. It may be misled by prejudice; it may be overpowered by passion; it may be blunted by frequent repetitions of offence, and extinguished by confirmed habits of depravity. Its operations may be erroneous through ignorance, its influence

fluence suppressed by guilt. On every side it is attacked by temptation, and is either melted by allure-ment, or subdued by violence. But our Creator has not left the direction of our conduct merely to the guidance of conscience; he has aided its decisions by the light of revelation, and enforced its sanctions by the hopes and fears of futurity. But even these are found insufficient to deter us from the commission of guilt, and engage us to the practice of virtue. The still voice of conscience is drowned amidst the clamours of passion. Hopes and fears, whose objects are distant and invisible, lose their influence, when opposed to present and sensual enjoyment. On this account it has been found indispensable, in every regular society, to institute different forms of punishment proportionable to different degrees of guilt; and add to the light of conscience, and the motives of religion, the penalties of law, to influence the minds of the ignorant, and restrain the actions of the vicious, by the fear of sensible and immediate punishment. The punishment of crimes is indeed not left to be provided for merely by views of usefulness or necessity. There is an original principle of our nature inimical to the guilty, that leads us not only to condemn, but punish, their offences. When the breast melts with pity, the hand is stretched out to support the wretched; when it glows with indignation, the arm is raised to smite the offender.—When injuries affect ourselves, this principle becomes Revenge; which, however justifiable in the cause that first occasioned it, is too often blameable

in its future excess, and is neither softened by pity nor restrained by justice. And while men carry revenge too far, they are not only guilty of acts of unnecessary and unmerited cruelty to others, but even bring on themselves mischiefs more fatal than the original offence. Hurried forward by blind fury, intent only on purposes of hostility, they forget their own safety, and are involved in the ruin they had destined for others.—— In a rude state of society, resentment is the only judge of injury, and revenge the measure of punishment. In such a state, right must yield to force; the most powerful only can themselves be safe from the attacks of injustice, while they may injure their inferiors with impunity. The weakness of innocence will be assaulted by the strength that should afford it protection; and the fruits of honest labour will be reaped by the hands of fraud and violence. And if one party injure another capable of resistance, the contest will be maintained with desperate animosity, and terminate only in the destruction of the one, if not both.

To secure the peace of society, and the rights of individuals, men entered into voluntary associations. Laws were instituted to protect the innocent and punish the guilty; and magistrates were appointed, to whom their execution was intrusted. An offence now was no longer of a private nature, it belonged to the community, in which was vested the right of punishment. Individuals gave up part of their natural privileges, that they might enjoy the remain-

der with greater security. They bound themselves to observe the laws, or incur their penalties. These they allowed to judge and punish offences, secure from their sentence of a just and speedy decision, a decision neither too mild nor too severe; at once suitable to the crime, merciful to the offender, and useful to society.

WE are at present placed in a state, when the rights of all are accurately ascertained, and carefully protected; when laws are defined with precision, and administered with justice. But the best regulated polity is defective; and, after the successive improvements of ages, there is still room for amendment. There are errors to be corrected, and defects to be supplied. In some instances the laws are too loose, in others perhaps too severe; sometimes they display a dangerous lenity, sometimes an unnecessary rigour. Men are continually varying, and every age has its particular vices, against which the laws should be calculated to guard. The experience of one period improves upon the wisdom of another, and new occasions occur to employ the speculations of the philosopher, and the exertions of the magistrate.

THE present enquiry, "Which is the best method of punishing and preventing crimes," supposes, as is really the case, that the methods of punishment hitherto adopted are defective, and capable of improvement; and that there still remain
means

means of prevention which have not been employed.

IN prosecuting the subject, let us examine, first, the nature and ends of punishment; then the propriety and usefulness of those methods of inflicting it that are now made use of; and, lastly, enquire, what method is best calculated to answer the intentions of its infliction. After which we proceed to consider what means of preventing crimes may be adopted, most effectually to anticipate the disagreeable necessity of punishment.

THE intention of punishment in every case is to deter others from the crime that occasioned it; and sometimes, where the offence is of a more venial kind, to reclaim the offender. That punishment, then, is the best, which is fitted at once to deter and amend, to prevent similar offences in others, and produce a proper effect on the mind of the offender.

IN punishing we should attend not only to the claims of justice, but of humanity. Though the unhappy criminal has, by offending the laws, forfeited their protection, yet still he is a sharer of our nature, whose errors, while we detest their consequences, we should view with compassion; and whose sufferings, as far as is consistent with justice, we should alleviate; whose welfare we should seek even in his punishment; and whom we should wish
rather

rather to reform than to destroy. It becomes us to temper justice with humanity, and revere our own nature, even when debased by guilt. To the worst criminal there is something due as a man and as a Christian. But where the offence is more slight, there should be a proportional diminution of the severity and infamy of the punishment. That punishments may produce their due effects, it is necessary that they should be suitable to the crimes, on account of which they are inflicted; nay, to carry with them the greater impression, they may be made to resemble them in their circumstances.—— Thus the thief may be caused to restore by his labour what he took by injustice. But if all offences, or offences of different magnitude, be punished with equal severity, he who has once committed the least, will not hesitate to perpetrate the greatest: He who began with fraud will end with cruelty; he who stript his neighbour of his property will deprive him of his life. It is no less inconsistent with sound policy, than with justice and humanity, that the most petty offences, and the most enormous crimes should receive the same degree of punishment. This conduct, instead of operating as a preventive of crimes, will only increase their number and their guilt.— That we may obey the laws we must not only dread but love them. That obedience which is founded on fear is neither perfect nor lasting. If the laws in one instance are unjust or cruel, from this instance we will reconcile ourselves to break them where the restrictions they impose are proper, and the punishments

nishments they inflict merited. We must be taught to regard the laws not only with fear, but confidence; and to believe, that they forbid nothing but what is hurtful, that they exact nothing but what is necessary, and not only provide for our safety, but our happiness.

WHEN punishments are as little severe in their nature as is consistent with justice and the safety of the state, their execution should be immediate. To protract the execution of a sentence, when it is just and necessary, to indulge the hopes of a reprieve where it is not due, may seem to be mercy, but is in reality the highest cruelty. Criminals are commonly thoughtless and dissipated, little disturbed by the fears of futurity, and blindly confident in their own fortune. With them the fatal moment is not thought of till it arrive, and hopes of pardon or escape are entertained, till the minister of death is ready to perform his office. To rouse their sensibility to their situation, and cut off the possibility of delusive hopes, the sentence, which justice and humanity approve, should be executed without mitigation, and without delay. This to the sufferers themselves would be the highest mercy which their situation can admit of, and would soon lessen the number of offenders.

LET us now apply these principles to the present methods of punishment. It must be owned, that our laws are favourable to the accused, and that they
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have every opportunity to produce whatever may serve, either to prove their innocence or extenuate their guilt. The process is fair and open; witnesses are heard on both sides, in regard to the circumstances of the case; council, in regard to the nature of the law; the evidence of the facts is decided by the peers of the party accused, who have all the means that can enable to determine justly, all the motives that can induce to decide favourably; and, in consequence of their decision, the sentence of the law is pronounced by the judge. But while we approve the method of trial, we must condemn the nature of the punishment.

OFFENDERS are sometimes punished with circumstances of infamy that put it out of their power ever to retrieve their character in society; and, by depriving them of the means of honest subsistence, oblige them, from necessity, again to have recourse to the very practices, on account of which their punishment was inflicted. Disgrace, instead of rousing, extinguishes their sense of shame, and entirely destroys their little remains of virtue. Instead of being restrained by fear, they are emboldened by despair, and make war on that society from which they are driven.

WHEN offenders are sentenced to confinement, or transportation, it is in company with those who have been equally criminal, by whom they are hardened in guilt, and encouraged to defy punishment.

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—The prison is the school, from which they are only freed to practise in the world the lessons of villany they have there acquired; and from the place of their transportation they return to repeat the crimes that occasioned their banishment. As their familiarity with punishment increases, their dread of it is gradually lessened, till at last it is changed into defiance; and the obstacles that law has placed in the way of criminals only increase and aggravate their crimes.

If when offences are slight, we find the punishments but little calculated to reclaim the offenders, I fear, when crimes are capital, we shall find the punishments of as little avail to deter others. The frequency of executions destroys their effect. By the innocent they are regarded without pity, by the guilty without terror. They are considered in the light of a common spectacle, which may attract indeed the attention of idle curiosity, but neither produces any serious reflections, nor leaves any lasting impressions. Rogues generally make use of the time of an execution to steal;—offend in contempt of justice, in defiance of punishment; and consider the death of a criminal, only as it affords an opportunity to imitate his crimes with greater probability of success, and less hazard of detection. Even the sufferer sometimes appears insensible to his situation; and the same obduracy of guilt, which led him to violate the restraints of law, supports his courage under its sufferings. He meets death with brutal insensibility,

insensibility, or studied defiance, and appears neither to regard his punishment, nor fear its consequences in a future state: an awful-example of human degeneracy! an object at once of pity and horror!— At such a scene, and alas it is too frequent, spectators are eager indeed to lose nothing of what passes, that they may gratify their own curiosity by the sight, and that of others by the recital; but neither struck with horror at a situation so awful, nor filled with reverence of the sentence of the laws; neither feeling increased detestation of guilt, nor fear of punishment. The circumstances of an execution, with the other occurrences of the day, are talked of, and forgotten.

THE infliction of punishment cannot counteract the effects of guilt already incurred. In vain, then, are criminals punished, if the number of crimes be not lessened: In vain is the sentence of the law executed, if it terminate merely in depriving an unhappy individual of life without benefit to the community. Death is a punishment that should only be employed in cases of extremity. The prospect of death, one would conclude, would be continually present to our thoughts, and influence the whole of our conduct, and that to the guilty such a prospect would have peculiar terror. But if this be not the case in common life, much less is it with those who invade the property, and disturb the peace of society. We find that men, induced by passion, or stimulated by want, engage without hesitation in
actions

actions of whose fatal consequences they cannot be ignorant. That death, which even to the good is sometimes an object of terror when viewed only at a distance, is contemned or disregarded by the offender, who has forfeited his security, and who is continually exposing himself to fresh danger. There is no fear so great, which habit cannot overcome, no danger so alarming to which it cannot reconcile us. We find that men, conscious of approaching ruin, shut their eyes, afraid to anticipate the misery which they cannot avoid; and that the blindness to futurity, which was at first courted as a refuge from fear, soon becomes habitual. We find too, that those, who already have often escaped when placed in circumstances of danger, instead of being taught caution are rendered presumptuous, and trust for their future safety in the fortune to which they are indebted for their former deliverance. To no set of men are these remarks more applicable than to those who subsist by their crimes, and who at no moment can be said to be safe. Their life is full of uncertainty and danger: At one time they are exposing their safety in quest of plunder, at another rioting in debauchery. In every man they behold an enemy interested in their destruction; and even cannot trust in the fidelity of their associates, if, by betraying them, they may either promote their own safety or advantage. If, in such circumstances, they think they are wretched, insensibility is their only refuge from misery, desperate courage their only security from danger. When they are taken, when

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they are sentenced, they are not forsaken by that presumptuous confidence which led them to ruin. The interval between their sentence and its execution flatters their hopes of a reprieve or an escape. If such hopes be cut off, they employ the short remainder of their lives to harden themselves against the approach of death, which they oppose with stupid indifference, or brave with desperate courage. When it is necessary then to inflict death, the execution should be immediate. At the same time, the frequency of executions should be guarded against; but the sentence of death, which justice has pronounced, humanity approved, and public safety required, no power should be able to reverse or mitigate, to suspend or retard. As certain, in such a case, as is the evidence of guilt, should be the immediate infliction of punishment. This conduct would be attended with the best effects. It would secure the majesty of justice from violation; it would preserve respect to the sentence of the laws, and would at once cut off the source of those false hopes that have encouraged so many in guilt, and plunged them in ruin. Cruelty it might seem, but would in reality be the highest mercy; and the immediate death of one might prevent the crimes, and save the lives of many.

THUS we have found in what respects the present methods of punishment are defective: When flight, they are not calculated to reclaim the offender; when capital, to deter others, that they are
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not proportioned to the degree of the crime; and that their usefulness is lessened by delay of execution. We now proceed to inquire, Which method of punishment best unites justice with mercy, and while it is least severe to the offender, is most useful to the community.

THAT murder should be punished with death is a principle of natural equity. He who deprives another of life, except in self-defence, forfeits his own. Life is sacred;—we ourselves have no power over our own lives;—to take them away belongs only to him who gave them. He who has once dipt his hands in blood is a dangerous member of the community; and a regard to the general safety, no less than the voice of nature, demands his extinction. A murderer is a beast of prey, that should be hunted from society; a monster that disgraces the form of man. The only expiation he can make for his crime—is to die: No mercy can be shown him consistently with justice, with safety; and to one sensible of the enormity of his guilt, death will be an object of desire. Happy are we who enjoy the blessing of laws that protect the lives of the meanest subjects; and no opulence of fortune, no eminence of station, can exempt a murderer from that shameful death, which is the lot of the vilest offenders. There are other crimes too, which, on account of their pernicious tendency to a state, it may be necessary to punish with death. Such among us is forgery. Commerce is the source of our wealth

and power; credit the support of commerce: This crime then, by affecting our credit, strikes at the very root of our national existence; and, in such a case, the utmost severity of punishment cannot be condemned. Those crimes, whose consequences are attended with greatest danger to the state, should be most guarded against by the laws. But inferior crimes might, I think, be best punished by subjecting offenders to solitary confinement and hard labour.

At present, when criminals are confined, numbers are kept together. Associated in guilt and punishment, they unite to prevent the intrusions of remorse and fear. They maintain an appearance of bravery in conjunction, which, if separated, they would be unable to support. If any one has a due sense of his crime and punishment, his fears are treated with contempt and ridicule, and he is obliged to disguise his feelings, till the insensibility, which was at first assumed, becomes real, and he is the hardened wretch he wishes to appear. Want may have driven some unfortunate individual to satisfy by a petty theft the cravings of nature. He is seized, confined along with the most abandoned malefactors, and perhaps deprived of life by the sentence of the laws. Or, if the period of his confinement be protracted, he is gradually depraved by the example of those around him. His thoughts grow familiar to crimes, his ears accustomed to blasphemy. His fear of punishment is treated as weakness, his

his sense of shame, the only remaining guard of virtue is overpowered by ridicule. He entered the prison unfortunate, he comes out corrupted. Though he had offended, he was not reprobate; his virtue, his usefulness to society might yet have been restored. But alas, the laws made no provision for returning virtue! The punishment that should have recovered him from error confirmed him in guilt. He is again let loose upon society, with a mind familiarized to wickedness, and a conscience seared against reproach; and his crimes terminate only with the period that deprives him of the life he had so justly forfeited. Happy for himself, happy for mankind, had his first punishment been his last! But surely it were better to inflict a punishment that might reform, and not destroy, that might restore the unfortunate offender to himself and to the state, that might render him a virtuous man, and an useful citizen. Solitary confinement joined with hard labour, I think, might have this effect. Solitude is the season of reflection. The voice of conscience will then be heard, and the courage of guilt will droop unsupported. Things then appear as they are, stripped of their false colours. The mind reviews the past, and anticipates the future. It cannot fly from itself; it must think,—and reflection will always be useful. Men judge properly, when there are no temptations to induce them to judge otherwise. Solitude is the friend of virtue; the guilty feel remorse, and melt into contrition; good resolutions are formed, and strength is acquired to carry them into practice. As

solitude would be a punishment most effectual to reclaim the offender, it would be likewise most useful to deter others. There is something in solitude from which the mind of man shrinks with apprehension. Pain, however violent, is not lasting. Death itself is chiefly awful from the fear of futurity; a fear little known to the ignorant, and suppressed by the vicious. But the uneasiness of solitude is still the same, and one day is a repetition of the sufferings of another. Man was formed for society, and solitude deprives him of every pleasure that is most congenial to his nature. In society even sufferings may be supported with firmness; in solitude pleasures themselves lose their relish. Besides, subjecting criminals to hard labour strikes at the very root of crimes, which is frequently idleness, tends to render solitude less irksome, and to form to offenders habits which may secure their future usefulness, and supply them with the means of subsistence in their own labour. In the meantime they may restore to society by their industry what they had taken unjustly, the only compensation they can make. When I mention solitude, I must be understood to mean only exclusion from those who might harden them in guilt. They certainly should be furnished with all the means of instruction, and with every assistance that might contribute to re-establish their virtue; and, when they had shewn themselves worthy, might again be restored to society with whatever advantages their situation could admit of. This method of punishment appears to me the most unexceptionable,

exceptionable, and provides effectually for the safety of society, in the manner least severe to the offender.

BUT still we must lament the unhappy necessity, that renders punishment requisite to preserve the order of society; and poor indeed is the consolation, when we have sustained injury from offence, to be derived from the sufferings of the offender. Punishment is indeed intended to deter others, and must therefore be considered as a preventive of crimes; but fear will soon lose its influence, if not supported by a sense of duty, and the obedience it produces will at best be very imperfect. Precarious indeed, is our assurance of the continuance of any conduct that is not dictated by the heart. If we wish to prevent crimes, we must begin with removing their causes. If we suffer the disease to spread without opposition, in vain we shall afterwards apply the most forcible remedies. Three great sources of crimes are, in my opinion, Idleness, Extravagance, and Ignorance, which the laws should be calculated to oppose and prevent. Every encouragement, then, should be afforded to industry. The vulgar are only safe when busy; and with them idleness is attended with mischief. Unable themselves to regulate the employment of their time, and destitute of internal resources, it is necessary that they should be confined to a continued round of business. Out of this round, they are either injuring themselves or others. On being always busy

fy depends their virtue and happiness. Every appearance of sloth should be watched with care, and repressed with severity. He, who, without possessing the means of subsistence, is idle, is either actually engaged in something criminal, or may justly be suspected of bad intentions. Idleness is a disease more to be dreaded, as its appearance is less formidable. From idleness the transition is easy to guilt, and from guilt to depravity. If it frequently lead to ruin those who possess all the advantages of fortune and education, in the poor and illiterate, it must be attended with inevitable destruction.

ANOTHER source of crimes is Extravagance.— Those, who have accustomed themselves to live above their income, must soon have recourse to fraud to make up its deficiency. Unable to subsist without their pleasures, or enjoy them with honesty; or ashamed to drop a splendor of appearance which they cannot support, they sacrifice to present gratification their honour and safety, and become the unhappy victims of their own passions. Alas! if any passion obtain the ascendant, how quickly does it lead to guilt and ruin! And how strict a guard must they maintain over themselves, who wish to preserve inviolate their virtue and their peace. The declivity of vice is at first smooth and easy; charmed with the prospect of pleasure it affords, we descend a little, and believe return within our power; but, as we proceed, the descent becomes more violent, till at last we are hurried forward by an irresistible

resistible force, that deprives us equally of the inclination and ability to stop, and precipitates us in the fathomless gulf of destruction. To prevent idleness, and restrain luxury, belong certainly to the legislature; and, by thus exerting their authority, they will cut off two great and fruitful sources of crimes. But though man may be restrained from guilt by power, he can only be rendered virtuous by persuasion. Fear may produce a temporary and imperfect compliance; higher motives only can insure a complete and lasting obedience. The penalties of law will lose their influence, if not enforced by the aid of religion. It becomes therefore the great and the opulent, as they regard their own safety, or the public welfare, to provide for the religious instruction of the poor. I have so much charity for human nature, as to believe, that of those who offend, many are guilty through ignorance, and that, had they known the better way, they would not have followed the worse. And pity it is, that a human soul capable of improvement, and destined for immortality, should be thrown away for want of culture. It is a duty incumbent on the rich, it is a duty they owe to God and the community, to take care, that the lower orders perish not for lack of knowledge. With regard to the influence of religion to promote the best interests of man, I hope, there are none here who call it in question. To the poor it is peculiarly essential; it is their only guide and motive to duty, it is their only refuge and consolation in distress; it is their little treasure, despoiled

despoiled of which they lose their all. The conduct of the great is restrained within bounds, by a regard to interest and reputation. The poor are influenced by no restraints but those of religion; and, if their zeal, not duly tempered by knowledge, sometimes produce inconveniences, let us reflect, if not prevented by this, into how much greater and more dangerous excesses they would run. National prosperity consists in national virtue; and the lower orders, whose virtue depends entirely on religion, always form the body of a state. Let the great then consider, that while they promote religious knowledge among the poor, they not only confer on individuals the highest and most exalted charity, but are at the same time most effectually advancing the public welfare. Happy am I, that this has become an object of attention; and that, by the institution of Sunday schools, provision is made for the religious instruction of the rising generation. An institution more noble in its nature, more extensively useful in its object, cannot well be imagined. We may consider its beneficial consequences as affecting not only a present state, but extending even to eternity. Allow me here to express the wish, That posterity may feel its useful effects, and that to its bountiful authors may belong the warmest prayers of those, whose most important interests they have thus consulted, and the highest blessings of that religion, whose influence, by extending its knowledge, they have endeavoured to promote!

I SHALL conclude with drawing a comparison between the present and former periods in respect of crimes. Every age has its own vices. Manners indeed vary, but men continue the same. But tho' every age be faulty, yet there are some vices less hurtful and atrocious than others. And, I think, that state of society best which is most favourable to happiness. Formerly, men were rude in their manners, and violent in their actions. Ignorant, and therefore obstinate in their opinions, prejudice clouded the understanding, and passion misled the heart. The land was a scene of blood and violence. Contests, the most frivolous in their causes, were maintained with the greatest fury. Fond of dissension, they were strangers to the blessings, and averse to the arts of peace. Crimes were attended with all the circumstances of cruelty, and even their virtues were savage and unrelenting. Such is the picture of man in a rude state: With pleasure I turn my eyes to the prospect of polished life. Our manners, now softened and humanized, supply in society the place of virtues where they are wanting, and adorn them where they really exist. Our passions are moderated and restrained; our opinions are mild and tolerant; the indulgence we claim in thinking for ourselves we extend to others. Vices are less black and dangerous, and even crimes wear an air of humanity. If we compare our condition with that of our fathers, we will find every reason to be satisfied with our lot. To what shall we ascribe the difference?

rence? To the diffusion of knowledge, and the influence of religion.

THE light that has spread over the understanding has reached the heart, and has taught us not only to know, but likewise to feel, wherein consists our happiness. If we would wish then to maintain and increase the blessings we enjoy, we must continue to cultivate the study of knowledge, and the practice of religion. To be deeply learned is the portion of few; but none should be deprived of that degree of knowledge which is necessary to guide and influence the conduct. To all belong the hopes of religion, to all should its doctrines be known. It is the business of the legislature to oppose the progress of vice, as well as punish its effects. To inflict punishment is at all times disagreeable;—to inflict punishment on those who have wanted the means of instruction is unjust. Let us begin with remedying the evil; let not the laws first make, and then punish criminals. Let the poor possess all the means of improvement; let their education be an object of attention, as it is of importance. Let industry be encouraged, and idleness suppressed; let frugality be enforced, and luxury restrained. Let the wise by their instructions diffuse the knowledge of religion, and the great by their example add weight to its practice. Thus crimes shall be unknown, and punishments become unnecessary. The state shall be rendered prosperous by the virtue of
its

its members, and each member shall find his own happiness in the prosperity of the state.

If any thing I have said tend to advance the interests of truth and humanity, the object of my wishes will be gratified, and the end of my labours attained. This motive has prompted the present attempt; and, to the candid, I hope, will excuse its errors. In youth it is laudable to attempt; it is surely not inexcusable to fail. The failure of inexperience, where a worthy object was pursued from right intentions, has no claim to the applause of the wise, but will always meet the indulgence of the good.



THE HISTORY OF THE

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It is hoped, that the insertion of the following Verses in this place will be forgiven, as they were written since the preceding sheets were sent to press.

It is hoped that the information of the fol-
lowing will be of some use to the
public, and that the same will be
of service to the public.

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ADDITIONAL VERSES.



THE BARD.

I.

THOUGH humble, yet not mean, my lays
Ne'er stoop to false or venal praise,
To wealth unknown, I wealth disdain,
And give to worth my artless strain :
I sing the man, who's doom'd to stray
Unmark'd in life's sequester'd way,
Yet far above the vulgar throng
Inspir'd with love of arts, and pow'rs of sacred song.

II.

His birth obscure, no pomp of race,
No wealth, nor splendid hopes shall grace,
He'll spurn the infant's glitt'ring toys,
And shun the sports of childish noise ;
But court alone the muse's smile,
While nature's charms his soul beguile ;
And more than fortune's joys he'll prize
The beauty of the fields, and brightness of the skies.

III.

When Spring, returning to the earth,
Gives ev'ry fruit and flow'ret birth,
And, in new verdure cloath'd, the grove
Again renews the song of love,
Delighted, oft with eager feet,
He'll hail each op'ning bloom and sweet,
With swelling heart the scene survey,
And pour, by nature fir'd, the soul-inchanting lay.

IV.

At Summer noon-tide from the heat
He'll seek in groves a green retreat,
And, poring on the babbling stream,
Indulge some sweet poetic dream.
When Autumn crowns the vary'd year,
And furs a milder radiance wear,
He'll walk at cool of setting day,
And gaze with wistful eye on the departing ray.

V.

When Winter o'er the dreary plains
Confess'd in all its horrors reigns,
When icy streams forget to flow,
And hills are hid beneath the snow,
No prospect seen around to rise,
But cheerless wastes and cloudy skies,
He'll sympathize with nature's state,
And muse in mournful strains the wrecks of time
and fate.

VI. He

VI.

He nature loves in ev'ry form;
 Alike the sunshine and the storm;
 Though pleas'd the murm'ring rill he view
 Through flow'ry meads its course pursue,
 Not less he hears the torrent's roar,
 Hoarse dashing on the founding shore,
 Nor brightest skies delight his soul
 More than when lightnings flash, and thunders rend
 the pole.

VII.

His is the bosom form'd to prove
 Excess of friendship and of love;
 His—ardour, that impetuous glows,
 And pity—his, that melting flows;
 No common feelings doom'd to share,
 His joy is rapture, grief—despair:
 By joy exalted to the skies,
 But, ah! by grief depress'd how low on earth he lies!

VIII.

And as each passion rules the hour,
 The willing muse shall own its pow'r:
 Now he shall sing in am'rous strains
 The lover's joys, the lover's pains;
 Now soothing pleasure shall inspire,
 Now ardent glory rouse the lyre;
 Now fancy's sprightly lays shall flow,
 Now melancholy's strains, more solemn, soft, and
 slow.

IX. He'll

IX.

He'll shun the busy haunts of noise,
 And scorn the wealthy's fordid joys;
 But chiefly in the rural cell,
 The muse's haunt he'll chuse to dwell,
 In nature's scenes he'll love to stray,
 And meditate the lonely lay:
 To worldly joy and care unknown,
 The muse shall fill his mind, and mark him as her
 own

X.

And though in life's sequester'd way
 Unknown, unnotic'd he may stray,
 Or doom'd in his disastrous state
 To prove the ills of partial fate;
 Yet future times, to worth more just,
 Shall deck the tomb, and rear the bust,
 Shall bid his mem'ry death defy,
 And give on wings of fame through ev'ry age to fly.

XI.

Hail, BURNS! thou pride of Scotia's swains!
 Born to restore her antient strains,
 Far richer in thy native store,
 Than treasures of scholastic lore;
 Ah! let not genius, heav'nly ray,
 Like some false meteor lead astray;
 Sacred to virtue be thy rage,
 Nor ought polluted stain the lustre of thy page.

XII. For

XII.

For him, who in these strains effays
 To give poetic merit praise,
 And fir'd with youthful ardour tries
 To heights above his years to rise,
 Yet, though unequal to aspire,
 Can others excellence admire,
 Be his, though small, no vulgar fame,
 To feel the thirst of praise, and glow with virtue's
 flame.



A DIRGE.

'TIS night—the wretch oppress'd with woes
 Forgets his cares in sleep,
 While I, a stranger to repose,
 Am doom'd to wake and weep.

Though young, how oft I'm call'd to mourn,
 Those early snatch'd away,
 And weep on love and friendship's urn
 The progress of decay.

Scarce time revolving o'er my head
 Has mark'd my eighteenth year,

Yet

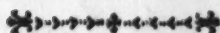
Yet oft the mem'ry of the dead
Has claim'd my early tear.

Alas ! between our death and birth
How small a compass lies !
Man, fleeting tenant of the earth,
Is only born and dies.

Soon fades, alas ! the brightest bloom,
The fairest form soon wears,
Oft blasted by untimely doom,
Before decay'd by years.

And small is wealth and honour's pow'r,
What most we want to give,
To comfort life's departing hour,
Or bid us longer live.

A voice is utter'd from the tomb,
And nature seems to cry,
Mortal, be wise by others doom,
And learn thyself to die.



TO MR. ROBERT BURNS, ON HIS ERECTING A
STONE TO THE MEMORY OF FERGUSON THE
SCOTTISH POET.

I.

BENEATH this stone, to merit rais'd,
Lies FERGUSON, a name that's prais'd
And lov'd by ev'ry Scot;
Complete alike in head and heart,
But wanting in the prudent part,
He prov'd the poet's lot.

II.

Let mem'ry hold his merits dear,
And pity o'er his fate a tear
Of kind oblivion shed:
And mayst thou, BURNS! more happy bard,
Receive, while living, thy reward!
Nor honour'd less, when dead.

III.

A stone to him, to whom belong
The honours, next to thee, of song,
It well becomes to raise.

A deed like this may justly claim
 A méed more glorious to thy name
 Than all the pride of lays.



TO DELIA ON FREQUENTLY CHANGING HER
 DRESS.

WHY, Delia, arts of dress employ?
 In you they sure are vain;
 True beauty fin'ry can't destroy,
 But most it charms when plain,

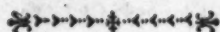
Then seek no more a borrow'd grace
 From white or blue, or green,
 But trust to native charms of face,
 And modesty of mein.



TO A GENTLEMAN WHO ASKED WHAT LADY
WAS MEANT BY DELIA, AND TO ALL O-
THERS WHO MAY HAVE THE SAME CURIO-
SITY.

YOU eager ask me Delia's name,
What nymph I love so well?
So pure, so delicate my flame,
I cannot bear to tell:

Then cease with importuning art
To urge me to declare
The dearest secret of my heart—
Her name is written there.

VERSES TO DELIA ON THE AUTHOR'S GOING
TO THE COUNTRY.

WITH joy I might the town forego,
The country pleas'd to see,
If any pleasure I could know,
That is not shar'd by thee.

In vain from place to place I range,
For still, where'er I be,
My mind, incapable of change,
With fondness turns to thee.

I'll mark, as through the woods I stray,
Thy name on ev'ry tree,
And bid each passing gale convey
Thy lover's sighs to thee.

My passion I'll to groves proclaim.—
Birds list'ning on the sprays,
Oft taught by me, shall learn thy name,
And Delia fill their lays.

My passion to the hills around
In softest lays I'll tell;

Echo,

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

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Echo, enamour'd of the sound,
On Delia's name shall dwell.

Thus ev'ry object, taught by me,
Shall some kind aid impart
To cherish what I feel for thee,
And soothe my love-sick heart.

Wilt thou, when this shall meet thy eye,
My transient absence mourn,
And softly breathe a wishing sigh,
To hasten my return?

F I N I S.

Every one who has been
On the spot will agree

That every one who has been
On the spot will agree
To the fact that I have been
On the spot will agree

Which shows that I have been

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And to the fact that I have been
On the spot will agree

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